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Vol. CCIII, No. 2648
NOVEMBER 11, 1950

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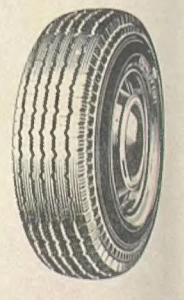

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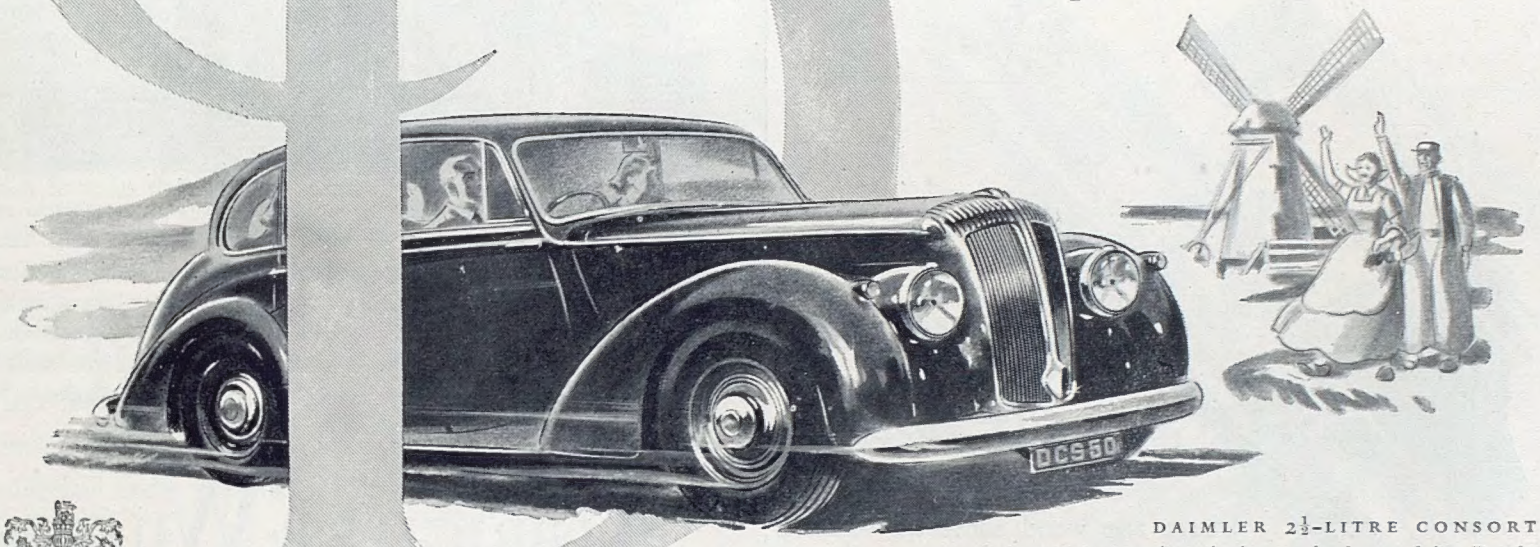

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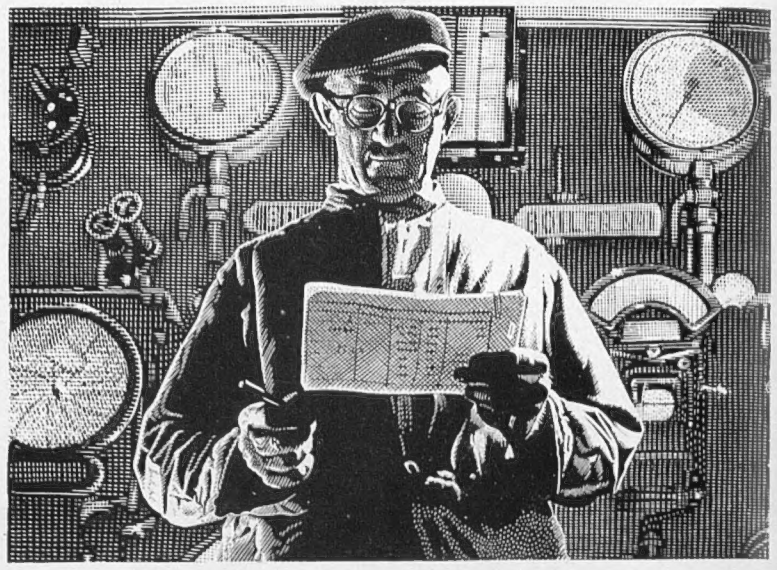

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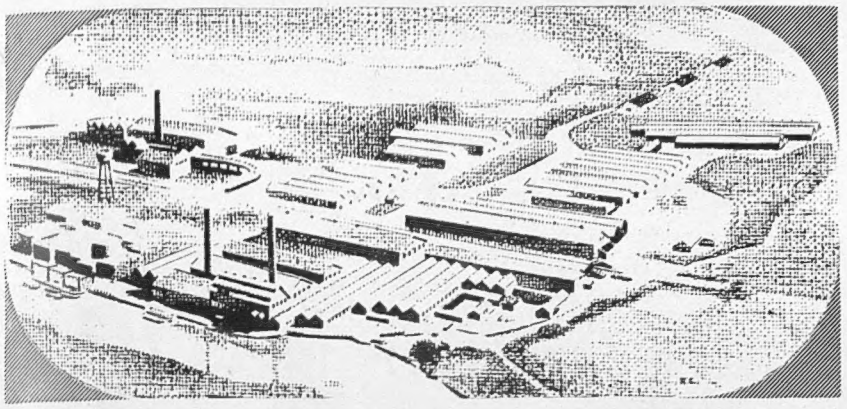

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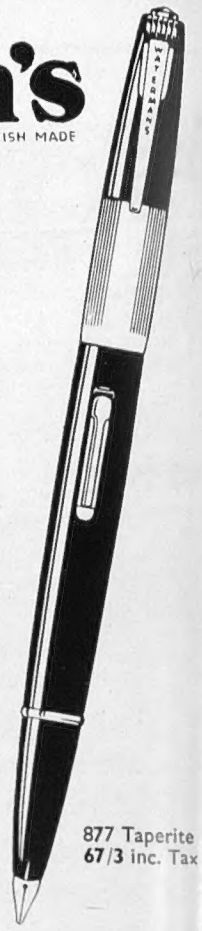

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the original latex foam
SEE THE NAME ON THE MATTRESS

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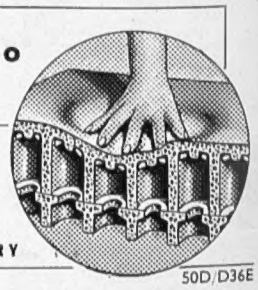

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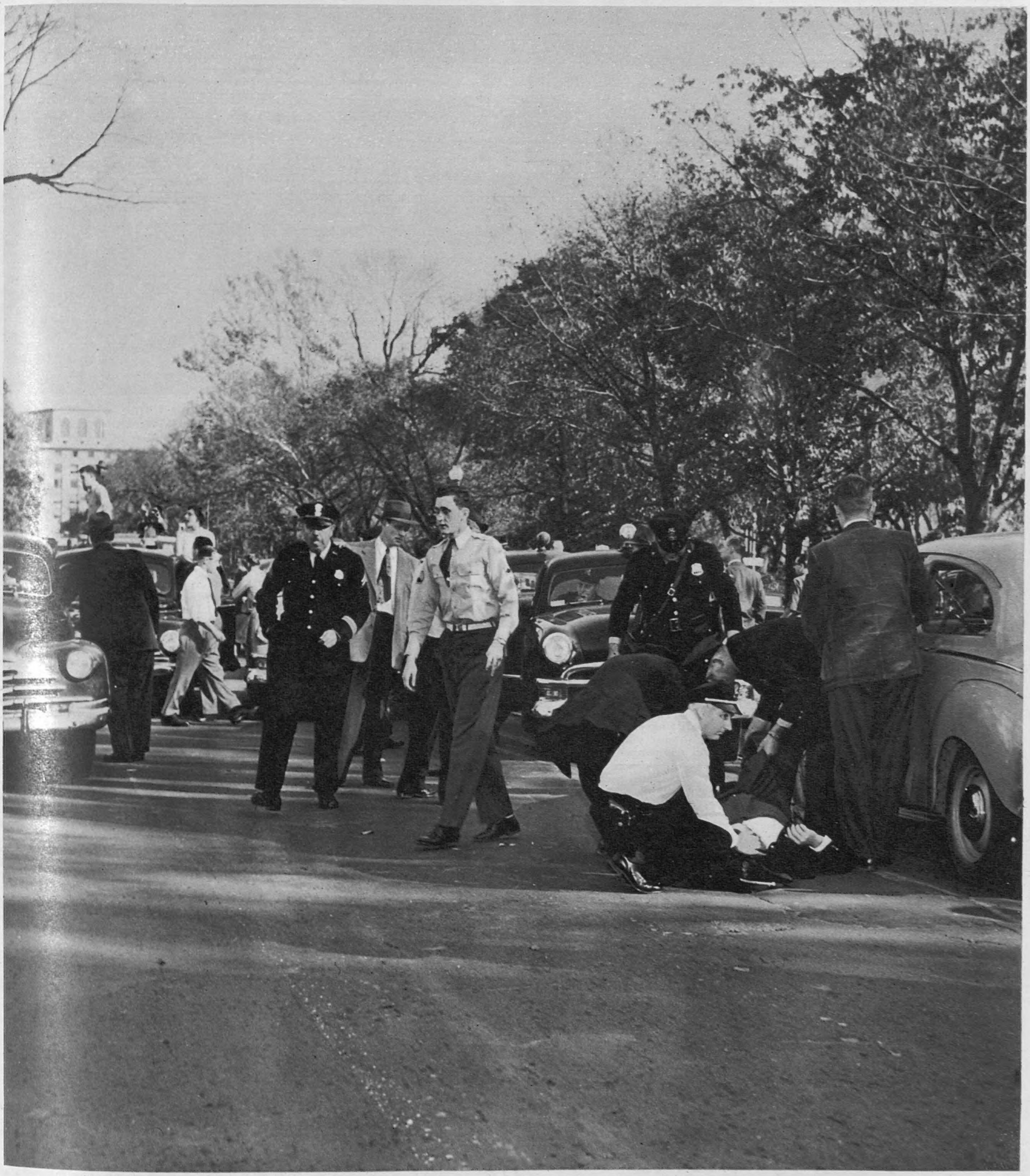
50D/D36E

Volume CCIII No. 2648 THE SPHERE, London, November 11, 1950

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT TRUMAN: THE SCENE OUTSIDE BLAIR HOUSE, MR. TRUMAN'S TEMPORARY RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON, IMMEDIATELY AFTER TWO PUERTO RICAN REVOLUTIONARIES HAD STORMED THE HOUSE IN AN ATTEMPT ON THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE. One attacker was killed and the other wounded, while three White House Guards (one is seen lying on the ground in the picture above) were shot.

During the reconstruction of the White House, Mr. Truman is living at Blair House in Washington. On Wednesday, November 1, the President was resting in an upstairs room just before the unveiling of the American memorial to Field-Marshal Sir John Dill, when two men tried to assassinate him. They were later identified by the Secret Service as members of the Puerto Rican Nationalist Party: a week previous this party had staged an uprising to demand independence for Puerto Rico, an American-owned island in the West Indies. The gunmen, firing pistols, tried to enter the temporary White House a few minutes before President Truman was due to leave for the Arlington Cemetery for the unveiling of the Dill Memorial. One of the assassins was shot dead on the very steps of the house, and the other seriously wounded. In the gun battle, one of the President's guards was killed and two others were wounded. The picture reproduced above was taken a few minutes after the attempt: it shows the boulevard outside Blair House crowded with police cars and, in the foreground, the prone figure of Donald T. Birdzell, one of the wounded policemen, receiving first aid. (Other pictures on pages 202–203 of this issue.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Printing Dispute.—The printers' dispute seems to be over at last, and please God it will be "all right this time" (as Mr. Perrin was wont to hope at the beginning of a new term). Of the rights of it, it is not for me to speak, for I know nothing of the case on either side. But for men of my trade, the industries concerned with print are among those of first importance to civilisation and have been so since Caxton's time; always provided that the writers preserve their integrity and give to the printer to print and the publisher to publish the truth as they honestly see and hold it, and all the truth. For what the sick world needs to-day is not so much "freedom of speech" as education in taste and a daily ration of truth and an honourable discrimination in reporting. These, under those conditions, the printer and the publisher, using the writer's words, are indeed key-industry men and worth material rewards deemed appropriate for key-men. But how those rewards should be fixed and graded, we cannot hope to know in an economy in flux. My only comment then on this dismal month (or more) is this: It is dreary work to write for the waste-paper basket, to prepare your copy week after week with as much integrity and zest and hopefulness as you can muster up, wondering if you will be lucky enough to find your way into print, and as often as not finding your hopes disappointed.

"Baiting Vyshinsky."—Do those Americans want Lake Success to live up to its name? Or do they prefer to pile up armaments and keep the cold war warming up? I sometimes wonder. Here is Vyshinsky in a much more friendly and constructive vein promising sincerely and solemnly to concede on behalf of Russia the one thing needful (once) in American eyes to make possible an agreement to reduce the armaments of the Big Five — namely, "fully authenticated information on its own armed forces." It may be mere ballyhoo, as it has often been before. America and Britain have been fooled often enough. But what is cheaper than politeness and a show of serious interest, provided America and England keep their eyes open and refuse to be blinded by promises? What *benefit* to jeer at Vyshinsky and call him a frightened man. I believe that the Kremlin has always been as frightened of war as we are, and I see signs that at last the Kremlin is disturbed at its own policy over the past five years and would welcome a change of face without a *loss* of face. It does not like to see the West rearming, and it realises at last exactly why it has been whipped up to so doing; the clumsy, brutal, numb-skull policy of Stalin has united instead of further dividing the Western democracies. Is it not possible that Stalin would like to think again? And if so, how can men of his kidney (whose *panache* is essential to their survival in power) concede anything unless the means to save face is offered them? Why do our own representatives at Lake Success slavishly join in the jeering and snubbing of Stalin's emissaries? Could we not for once show a lead to America? Politeness costs nothing.

"With Ancient Ceremony."—It is a very good thing for this country that once in a way the "men in the street" should be reminded of how they are (or are supposed) to be governed and preserved, should refresh their memories concerning the estates of the realm and learn again that the Commons are guests in the King's Palace of Westminster, and that Mr. Speaker is the King's servant or personal representative in their chamber. The man in the street is perhaps surprised to find so much space in his truncated newspaper devoted to the glorification of the Mother of Parliaments, its origins, its consistency, its glory and pride, the envy it creates among other nations. Why is that? Because for 999 days in every 1,000 it is his custom to deride Parliament as a bad joke, a nasty piece of work, the workshop of ill-manners and bad feeling and futility. *Punch* and Gilbert and many another joker have continually laughed at Parliament. So, indeed, have many new Members, who first entered the House to conquer it and found themselves (like Kipling's Norman knight by old England) conquered by it. We saw the new House on October 27 in ceremonial dress and our legislators on their very best behaviour, and in our hearts we know that our legislators ordinarily don't behave quite so badly as they are sometimes reported by partial Press reporters in the "finest club in the world." Still, this Chamber and others which the Commons have occupied will sometimes be, and have been, the scene of ugly, unedifying exhibitions of beastly rudeness, intense vulgarity, vile personalities and ugly temper, far removed from the ideals it affects to value and practise. So there is some excuse for our surprise and some value in a full-dress revaluation.

FRANCE PAYS TRIBUTE TO A BRITISH JOURNALIST—THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR RECEIVES THE EDITOR OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," WHO HAS COMPLETED FIFTY YEARS IN THE EDITORIAL CHAIR: Madame Massigli, Mr. A. E. Bridges Webb, Sir Bruce Ingram, Lady Ingram and M. Massigli, the French Ambassador, at a reception at the French Embassy after Sir Bruce had been made an officer of the Legion of Honour. The decoration was pinned on his breast by M. Massigli. Last Monday the Duke of Gloucester and the Prime Minister were present at a banquet at Claridges when the directors of Illustrated Newspapers entertained Sir Bruce to mark the completion of his fifty years of editorship.

"We Do it to Admiration."—The splendid pageantry in Westminster Hall and the beautiful manners shown in the new Chamber were the result of a showmanship with which no other nation can compete. We do those things to admiration, and we know the value of doing them. The lasting effect in the Commonwealth of a similar ceremony during King George V's Silver Jubilee was proved during the war, as this latest pageant's influence will be proved in the next testing decade. The nearer you are to it, the longer the effect remains. The keynote struck by the King and other speakers was the same; liberty, toleration and free speech are the eternal ideals for which our system of parliamentary government had always fought and our race often bled. It is reasonable to suppose that those reminders brought a ray of hope and comfort to peoples who sit in darkness, slavery and under repression—a clarion call to the enslaved to remember the rights of man and take new courage to regain them. Freedom of speech we have indeed, and sometimes abuse the privilege inside and outside the House. Toleration we might have, but do not always appear to value it. Liberty . . .? Well, subject to necessary (?) controls in every department of life; and a Parliament which is the watchdog of our rights and liberties, in name, at any rate, albeit the most vexatious restraints and controls can be imposed upon us by a dictator executive without parliamentary approval. But, as I have said, when Parliament is on its best behaviour and the Government for a moment neglects to make a party score, our system *is* good, and deserves to be, like our showmanship, the envy of the civilised world.

The Festival of . . . Americans.—A cat escaped from the bag when Mr. Maxwell, of Thos. Cook and Son, spoke of the needs of hotel accommodation to house and satisfy the expected invasion for the Festival of 150,000 Americans, carrying dollars. Our hotels are too few and in them the water which should be hot is cold, and the water which should be iced is tepid. What accommodation we have is barely sufficient in room space for the dollar-bringers; therefore, the British must somehow be persuaded to banish themselves abroad for their holidays. To that end, the costs of Continental tours will be slashed by 25 to 30 per cent. The Festival of Britain will be at its zenith in holiday time, the only time when British workers can enjoy it; but, as with many other things they want, they must resign them to those who can pay for them in dollars. It was supposed, and indeed announced, to be the symbol and instrument of a new national pride and joy in living—the symbol of another Merrie England, and all the wonder and invention and initiative for which that age stood. But that was all ballyhoo. The dome is reserved for dollar-holders. The natives can take themselves abroad, as soon as they have completed the tidying-up of their villages for the invaders. That particular *cat* was one which might have been let a little more discreetly out of the bag.

"Full Employment."—This slogan of "full employment" has been for five years the Socialists' trump card, often their "joker." Certainly it has won them many a trick or vote. It is an omnibus or portmanteau phrase which is capable of carrying and covering every sort of action from the most bare-faced assumption of dictatorship for the executive downwards. (Indeed, one day devoted to lip service in the new House of the glories of our democratic system of Parliament was all I expected. The King's Speech was in print while Ministers were glorifying our democratic ways.) And, arising out of the same slogan, I will make one single comment (and that *obiter*) on the case of Lord Peel. Mr. Justice Lynskey found it necessary to employ towards him the same words which chairmen of Quarter Sessions and Petty Sessions use to defendants convicted of larceny. The case makes clear the measure and extent of the social and economic revolutions of our day. Put the clock back but a decade or two and how different the public and legal view of the defendants' actions! "Only the other day," a man willing to spend £100,000 on beautifying, enlarging or "white-elephanting" his private house would have been regarded as a benefactor, an altruistic devotee of "full employment," a tender-hearted humanitarian, a perhaps foolish sentimentalist.

G.B.S.—Bernard Shaw was approaching fifty when as a youth of twenty I was drawn by the Vedrenne-Barker management to the Court Theatre to see those heartless, inhuman and revolutionary (as I then thought) plays of his, *Man and Superman*, and so on. Shaw was an old man then in my eyes; and forty-five years later, when I was old, he seemed no older. The world has written a hundred hasty epitaphs for him. They are as mixed and contradictory as was his nature and genius. He was a prophet and philosopher, like Smuts, a satirist and a buffoon. He was, according to his intimate friend, Mr. Irvine, a very shy man. According to *The Times*, he systematically courted admiration, and became an impish Father Christmas pulling by any means important legs. All agree that his plays were plays of ideas, not of men and their reactions to circumstance, and that his appeal was always to the mind and not to the heart. A man of letters? No, says *The Times*. The man of letters was rarely seen in a few superb passages in the progress of an iconoclast, a house-breaker. He was a Victorian, who debunked Victorianism. He sacrificed his reputation for sincerity on its own altar. Nothing, howsoever bad in art or taste, was too low a method of enforcing the views he most sincerely held. A prophet he certainly was, honoured in his own country for forty years. Yet he overdid the part by rushing in too often and on too many themes to debunk and to prick bubbles. Outsiders could judge him only by his plays, prefaces and pronouncements. They saw him as a superman and had no chance to judge him as a man. We were in no doubt of his intellectual vigour and supremacy.

THE OLD STAGER

AT THE BANQUET TO SIR BRUCE INGRAM, TO COMMEMORATE HIS FIFTY YEARS' EDITORSHIP OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": A view of some of the guests at Claridge's Hotel on Monday, when the Duke of Gloucester and the Prime Minister were amongst those present at the banquet given by Illustrated Newspapers.

SIR BRUCE INGRAM (ON LEFT) WITH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, and with Major Davenport Price, chairman of Illustrated Newspapers and of the banquet.

THE GUEST OF HONOUR, SIR BRUCE INGRAM, speaking at the commemorative banquet held at Claridge's to celebrate his fifty years of editorship.

THE CHAIRMAN OF ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, MAJOR H. DAVENPORT PRICE, with the Prime Minister. The latter made one of the three speeches of the evening.

DURING THE PRIME MINISTER'S SPEECH: Seated at the top table from left to right are—the French Ambassador, Sir Bruce Ingram, the Duke of Gloucester, Major H. Davenport Price, Mr. Attlee, and the Egyptian Ambassador.

FIFTY YEARS OF EDITORSHIP

The Banquet in Honour of Sir Bruce Ingram of *The Illustrated London News*

On Monday of last week a distinguished company sat down to dinner at Claridge's Hotel to celebrate the fifty years of editorship of Sir Bruce Ingram. Among the guests were the Duke of Gloucester, the Prime Minister, the French, Belgian and Egyptian Ambassadors, several Members of Parliament, and representatives of every phase of cultural life in Britain to-day. The dinner was given by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., proprietors of *The Illustrated London News*, which Sir Bruce Ingram has edited so ably over a period which constitutes a record in English journalism. The banquet was an exact replica of one given on a Royal occasion fifty years ago. In the chair was Major H. Davenport Price, chairman of Illustrated Newspapers; the speakers were the chairman, the Prime Minister and the French Ambassador. Great care was taken by the organisers to make sure that every detail of the banquet was correct in evoking the atmosphere of 1900, the year in which Sir Bruce Ingram began his fifty years of editorship.

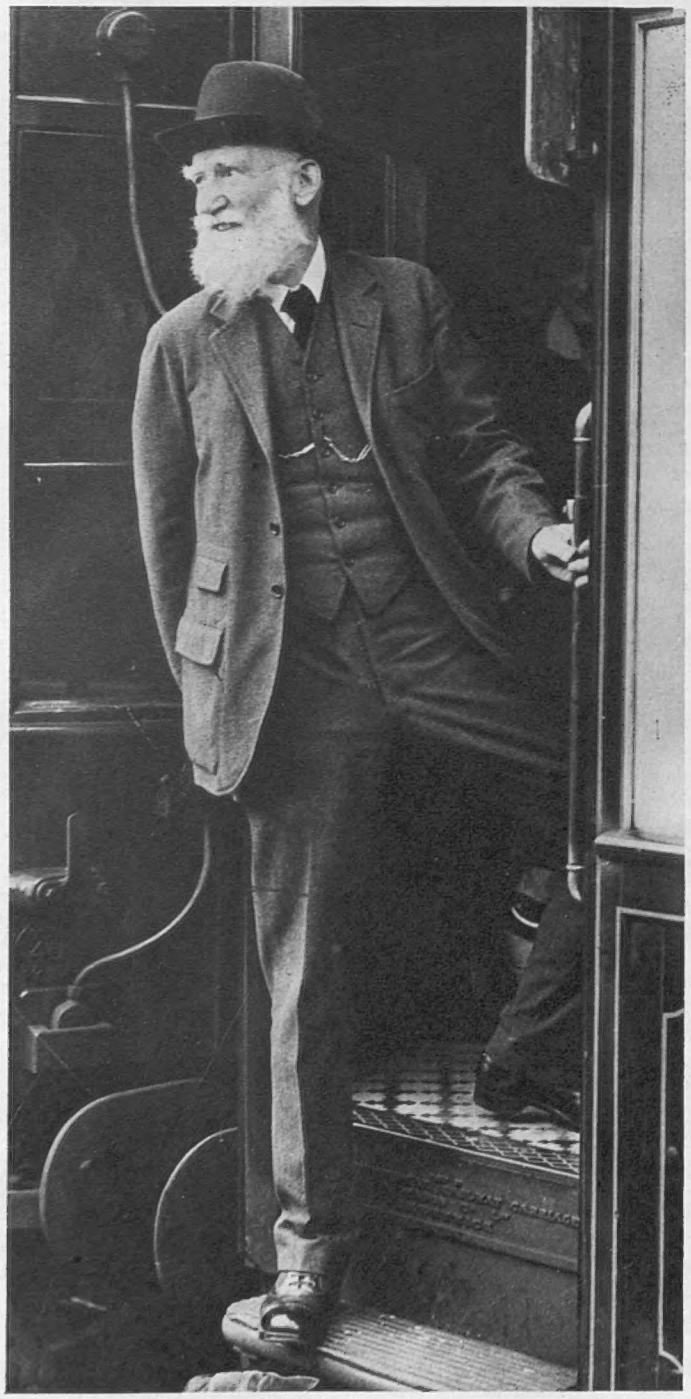
THE PASSING OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

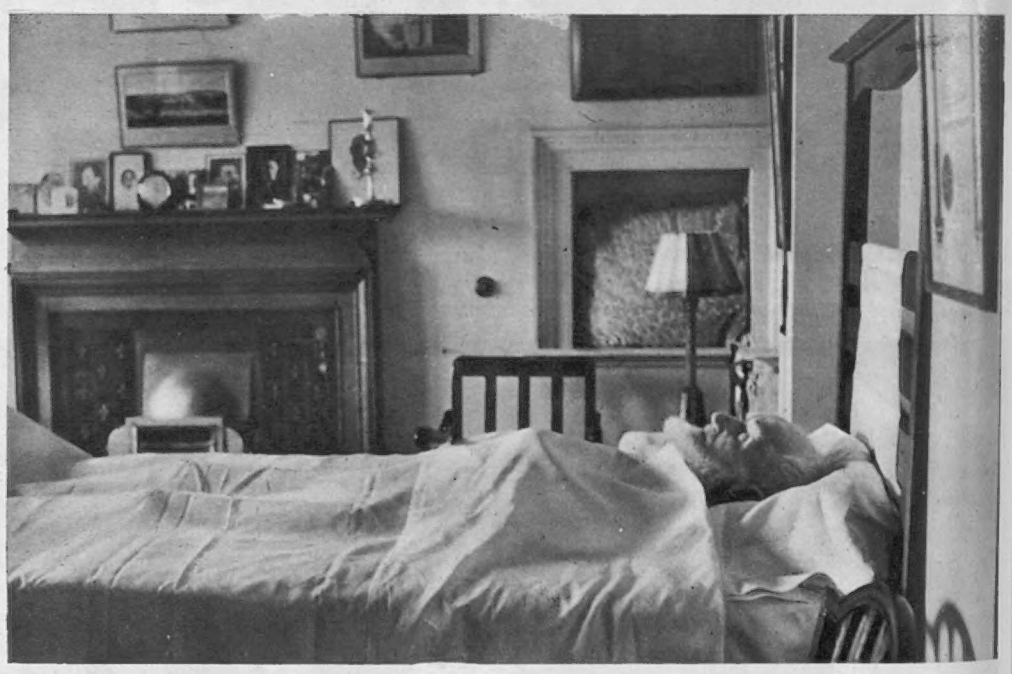
ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE PERSONALITIES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

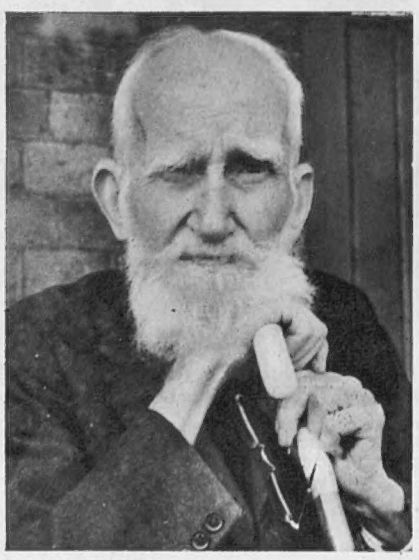
Within a few days of each other two figures of world renown have died in advanced old age, King Gustav V of Sweden, the King who dined with Disraeli and lunched with Hitler, and George Bernard Shaw, who kept on his mantelpiece pictures of kings and potentates, but was never at any time in his life a respecter of rank or title. More often, indeed, they were the target for his barbed but never pointless wit, his sardonic humour. Perhaps Shaw's achievement is best summed up in the words of Rebecca West, who has declared: "He did for his age what Voltaire and Gibbon did for theirs; he popularised the use of the intellectual processes among the politically effective class."

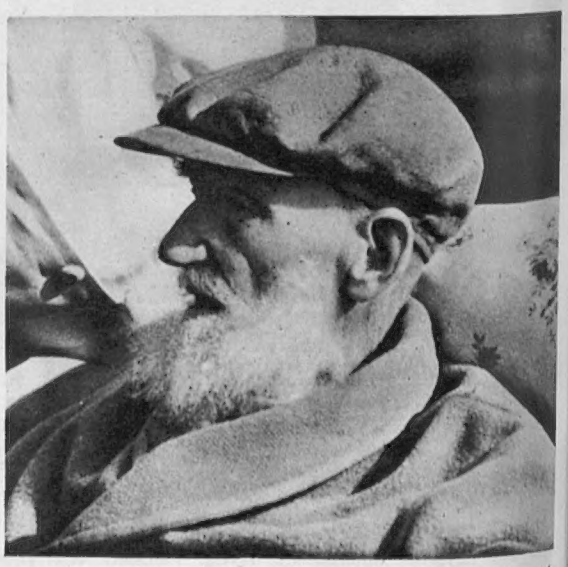
A DEATH-MASK HAS BEEN TAKEN OF THE FACE OF BERNARD SHAW: The calmness of death pervades the features.

THE LYING-IN-STATE OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AT HIS HOME AT AYOT ST. LAWRENCE, HERTFORDSHIRE, WHERE HE DIED AT ONE MINUTE TO 5 O'CLOCK ON THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER 2, 1950, AT THE AGE OF NINETY-FOUR: World-wide tributes followed the announcement of his death, and from 10, Downing Street Mr. Attlee declared: "Death has taken away in the fullness of years one of the most remarkable personalities of our time. Bernard Shaw excelled in many fields. As critic, dramatist, man of letters, humorist, social revolutionary and prophet, he was our greatest entertainer and teacher. His influence on the men and women of the generations which came to maturity during the last sixty years was immense."

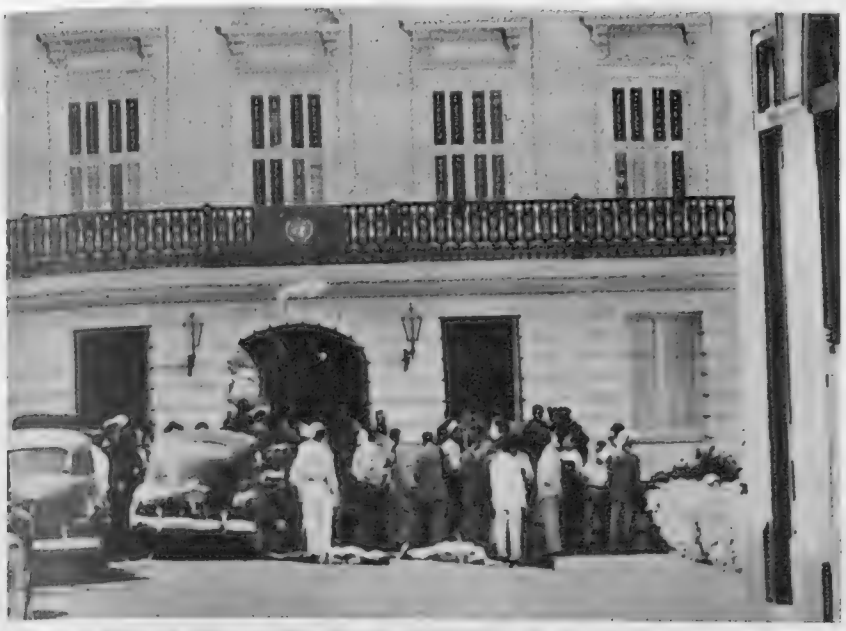








GEORGE BERNARD SHAW IN VIGOROUS OLD AGE AND IN THE DECLINING DAYS AFTER THE ACCIDENT IN WHICH HE BROKE HIS THIGH: *Left*—Mr. Shaw en route to Russia in 1931, when he was seventy-five years of age. *Centre*—G.B.S. just before the accident from which he never fully recovered. *Right*—One of the last pictures to be taken when he was wheeled in the grounds of his home at Ayot St. Lawrence, eleven days after his return from hospital.



REVOLT FLARES IN THE UNITED STATES POSSESSION OF PUERTO RICO: *On left and right*—Defenders of the Governor's Palace at San Juan standing in the courtyard round the bodies of Nationalist rebels who had touched off the revolt in the island, but were speedily quelled by loyal elements. There was also violence and arson in eight towns outside San Juan. After it was all over Governor Munroz Marin told the population in a broadcast that they had "beaten a conspiracy against democracy helped by the Communists." It was only a day or two later that Puerto Rican Nationalists attempted to get into Blair House, Washington.

TWO PROMINANT PERSONALITIES IN THE PUERTO RICAN RISING: *Left*—Governor Luis Marin, whose palace in San Juan, Puerto Rico, was attacked by the Nationalists. One policeman and four Nationalists were killed in the battle. *Right*—Pedro Campos, the leader of the Nationalists. A warrant for the arrest of Campos was issued during the revolt. His record is well known to the American State Department. In 1936 Campos was sentenced to Atalanta Federal Penitentiary for conspiring to overthrow the American Government.

THE BATTLE OF THE ROOF-TOPS IN SAN JUAN AT THE HEIGHT OF THE RISING: A police officer taking careful aim when attempting to dislodge Nationalists who had taken to the roof of a building and were firing down and also hurling stones.

TWO OF THE REBELS WHO STORMED THE PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR AT SAN JUAN: The men lying on the ground a few yards from their objective. On the right is the bullet-ridden car in which they attempted to crash past the guards to reach the Governor.

AFTER THE ORGANISED GAOL-BREAK: Governor Marin of Puerto Rico personally directing the round-up in the streets of the capital. He called out 3,500 National Guardsmen, but did not see fit to proclaim martial law.

THE PUERTO RICAN RISING

THE ATTACK ON THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE IN SAN JUAN

By the treaty of December 1898, Puerto Rico was ceded by Spain to the United States. In the years that followed it remained a neglected colony, but of recent times America's stewardship has been very different. The recent revolt in this Caribbean Island is all the more surprising, therefore, as also were the repercussions on the mainland when two men attempted to get into Blair House with the avowed object of assassinating President Truman. At the time of writing all is once again under control on the island. Nine towns in all were affected, however, and the malcontents, few in number perhaps, showed themselves to be fanatical to a degree. The leader of the extreme Nationalists, Alibuzu Campos, has served a six-year gaol sentence for insurrection. Puerto Rico's Governor, Munroz Marin, who quelled the revolt, heads the Popular Democratic Party. Second in strength is the Statehood Party, which wants Puerto Rico to become the forty-ninth American state.

AFTER THE ROUND-UP: *Left*—Convicts from the Rio Piedras Penitentiary who took a leading part in the rising. Speedy measures by the island's Governor soon had them behind bars again. *Right*—Gregorio Hernandez, a wounded Nationalist, who was captured in the gun battle outside the Governor's Palace. The car in which he was travelling was loaded with T.N.T. and automatic weapons.

THE SCENE OUTSIDE BLAIR HOUSE, HOME OF PRESIDENT TRUMAN, WHICH TWO PUERTO RICAN REVOLUTIONARIES TRIED TO STORM IN AN ATTEMPT TO KILL THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE: The attempt was frustrated by White House Guards and Secret Service men, who killed one of the attackers and wounded the other. Three guards were wounded, one dying later in hospital. This picture was taken before the police cleared the area of spectators.

THE ATTEMPT TO KILL MR. TRUMAN

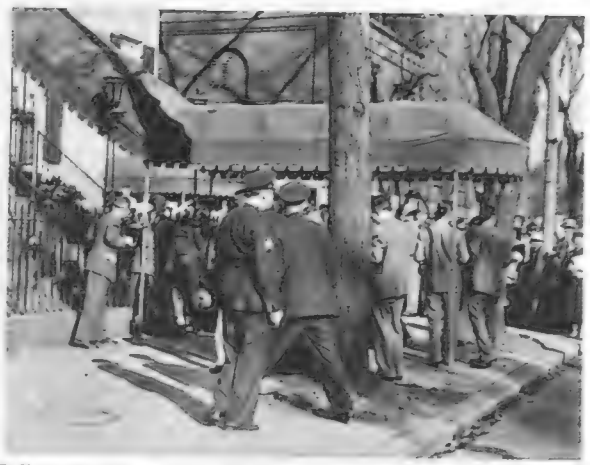
Scenes in Washington Immediately After the Assassination Attempt

Neither of the men who took part in the attempt on the President's life was a native-born American. Both Collaza (who is still alive) and Terresola (who was killed) were Puerto Rican revolutionaries: the former is thirty-six years of age, and the latter was considerably younger. The pictures reproduced on these pages were all taken within a very short time of the actual assassination attempt, and have been sent to this country from America by air. Immediately after the shooting police and security agencies were ordered to begin a search for other possible Puerto Rican revolutionaries in Washington. President Truman received many messages congratulating him on his escape.

SHOT IN THE CHEST IN THE EXCHANGE OF FIRE, OSCAR COLLAZA LIES AT THE STEPS OF BLAIR HOUSE after he and a fellow revolutionary had tried to shoot their way into President Truman's residence. Collaza was not killed, and is expected to live. The other gunman, Grisellio Terresola, was slain by the White House Guards.

A LUGER PISTOL AT HIS SIDE, Grisellio Terresola, one of the two assassins lies dead outside Blair House after his abortive attempt at assassination.

AFTER THE ATTEMPT: SHOWING NO VISIBLE SIGN OF CONCERN AT THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE, PRESIDENT TRUMAN SPEAKS AT THE ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY at the unveiling of the American Memorial Statue of Field-Marshal Sir John Dill, one of the leaders of the British effort during World War II. The assassins attempted to enter the President's residence only a few minutes before he was due to leave for this ceremony.



Police and spectators crowd around the entrance to President Truman's residence as a guard, wounded by the would-be assassins, lies on the steps of the house.

One of the three White House Guards wounded in the gun battle is moved from the scene. He is Leslie Corfelt, a guard at Blair House.

Donald T. Birdzell, a White House policeman, lies wounded in Pennsylvania Avenue outside Blair House. He ran into the street after he was hit in an attempt to draw the revolutionaries' fire away from the house.

THE WIVES OF THE TWO WOULD-BE ASSASSINS ARE ARRESTED: *On left*—Rose Collaza, forty-two-year-old wife of Oscar Collaza, leaves 173, Brook Avenue, in the Bronx. *On right*—Carmen Terresola, aged twenty-one, enters the Federal Court House in New York, in the custody of Albert Whittaker, Secret Service Supervising Director for the New York area.

OUTSIDE THE TENEMENT WHERE OSCAR COLLAZA LIVED: This was the scene opposite No. 173, Brook Avenue, in the Bronx, after news had reached New York of the attempt on the President's life. Collaza lived on the third floor. He is thirty-six years of age. Both would-be assassins went to Washington two days before the shooting.

MOZART AND THE FOUR ELEPHANTS

Austria's Post-War Musical Interlude

By FERDINAND TUOHY

MANY moons have come and gone since the Austrian President likened his job to rowing a small boat—Austria and her 7,000,000 population—with four elephants aboard—Russia, the United States, Britain and France.

Dr. Renner implied that to administer his country whilst it carried such a cargo was as tricky as it was arduous, and the cost for a small, crippled State as heavy as sixteen elephantine feet.

The principal reason why Dr. Renner talked like that was because Russia and the Western Powers undertook by the Moscow Declaration of November 1, 1943, to liberate Austria, "the first victim of Hitlerite aggression," and to re-establish "a free and independent Austria." The very adjective "Hitlerite" showed the hand of Stalin—yet what had been the outcome? Austrians were not masters in their own house and in one part of it were akin to a domestic staff at beck and call of the Soviet Union.

Month after month, year after year, this situation has been perpetuated while the meetings of the four occupying Powers with a view to signing an Austrian peace treaty have mounted like the Test match scoring of a Worrell or a Hutton—I believe the score is now somewhere around 250.

Most Austrians know and recognise the reason: one of the elephants persists in doing a ponderous *pas seul*. The Stalinists expected much better from Vienna than a handful of Communist M.P.s after all this time, and so dig up excuse after excuse for doing nothing (the latest was that the Western Allies' conduct in Trieste showed them as unfitted to be trusted in respect of an Austrian peace treaty).

AUSTRIA'S FEDERAL PRESIDENT — DR. KARL RENNER, WHOSE TASK IT IS TO GUIDE THE FORTUNES OF THE STILL-OCCUPIED LAND, A TASK WHICH HE HAS LIKENED TO THAT OF ROWING A SMALL BOAT WITH FOUR ELEPHANTS ABOARD: Dr. Renner, who will celebrate his eightieth birthday on December 14, is seen in his audience chamber at the Hofburg, seated at the table which was once used by the great Metternich. This room was used as a bedroom by the Empress Maria Theresa.

In point of fact the frustrated Kremlinites are determined to stay put because it gives them an excuse to maintain a Red Army communications system stretching back to the Balkans; because Usia, which runs the economy of the Soviet Zone, derives much benefit from the existing situation; and because Vienna is at once a valuable window on the "western capitalistic world" and an irreplaceable crossroads where West and East can be stirred up to the Soviet Union's advantage.

The other three elephants have long wanted to get out of the boat; aye, unlike the run of their kind, have wanted to forget. They have eaten ever less Austrian hay—one, the American, pays entirely for his own hay and brings in continuous supplies for Austrians into the bargain. They have lived up to the elephant's reputation for sense, friendliness and help, have justified Kipling, the only poet ever to have a good word for the elephant ("a gentleman").

The other three have even lived true to the elephant's circus record for nimbleness of foot, as shown by their efforts not to rock the boat. In spite of all this, however, the fact remains that they show no signs of being able to step out of the boat, and, what is more depressing for the Viennese especially, is that the longer they stay, the more alarming grows the position.

Did I say "depressing"? No, that is definitely not the word. Rather do Austrians react to ill circumstance by laughing it off, sometimes bitterly—the quick, biting wit of the cartoonist and the cabarettist. They have a saying that danger increases the further you are from it, which would be comforting if they really believed it. But they don't. Rather does their off-hand and seemingly careless treatment of each new crisis derive from recognition of the prime fact that their fate lies in other hands.

Throughout history the besiegers or the conquerors of Vienna have brought good along with ill. The Romans brought Vindobona protection without tyranny; the Hapsburgs rebuilt Vienna as the seat of their power; the Turks in 1683 brought coffee as well as cannon-balls; Napoleon in 1810 brought a wedding ring; and Bismarck in 1866 provided the mildest peace terms ever offered.

Austrians are wondering how the ledger will ultimately reveal itself this time. But if they are worrying, they hardly show it. They get a shock now and then. The Berlin airlift shook them up. The Viennese thought the same thing might descend on their less-succourable capital. Of late, they have been rather more shaken by the Korean developments. Once again, however, they are not letting it get them down.

Anyone who visits or revisits this post-war Vienna returns to tell of its lightheartedness, charm and entertainment round. Decidedly the Viennese have derived some special form of encouragement, hit on some form of morale-building, that has eluded others. What can it be? What makes the "feel" of Soviet-encircled Vienna so different from that of Soviet-encircled Berlin?

Yes, yes, Vienna has its lurid, evil and dangerous sides—although the Viennese were justified in their annoyance at the sinister one-way picture given in *The Third Man*, pointing, as they could do, to the way in which the cesspool of iniquity produced by the Occupation had been cleared up, along with the street ruins.

No denying, though, that evil vies with danger in Vienna. The point is that the whipped cream is still on the tart—the *Obst Torte mit Zahne* beloved by the Viennese.

Various explanations have been adduced, such as bountiful American aid and general Western decency, but I can't help thinking that one cause has been overlooked, for which the Viennese themselves are solely responsible: the daily pursuit of culture in its most accessible and often delightful forms by such a multitude of citizens of all ages, and above all—of music.

Consciously or unconsciously, the Viennese would seem to have drawn upon their city as the world capital of music, as the home of Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, Haydn, Strauss and Lehar, to aid in tiding them over bitter times; and who is to say that the resultant flow of music of all kinds has not rendered the burden of Occupation less oppressive? Kept the Viennese in good heart and even soothed the Soviet breast?

One thing which all four Powers did further from the start, and in unison, was the re-enthronement of music in its historic capital. Music is everywhere, the best music by the best musicians, opera, concerts, recitals, operettas, string ensembles, gypsy musicians, café orchestras, music schools and academies, songs in the Grinzing wine gardens, such as have carried *Wien* to the ends of the earth.

All ages are caught up, from the child hugging a satchel on the way to morning music lessons, to the old man flicking away a tear as he leaves the Opera at midnight. The Viennese Opera has positively won first place for ensemble work and production. It has great singers, profiting by an influx of German, Central European and Balkan artists who decided that one iron curtain—that let down between the acts—was enough.

It has the superb Viennese Philharmonic. And its Mozart productions are unequalled. Here, in the prodigy's cradle, a magical performance of *Figaro* enchants all who can't get in, and keeps them long after enthusing in the Café Mozart, hard by the maimed Opera House on the Ring. I say Mozart's irresistible baton has contrived to make those four elephants tread less heavily.

Individuals have been known to play themselves out of burthens and distress, so why not the Viennese? The theory stands up. It is as if the Viennese are saying: "This we have. This they can't take from us. This is our true heritage, when we can assert our superiority. So—let music prevail on all sides!"

The result is sheer joy, since none of it is played with that let 's-get-through-with-the-darned-thing touch (or lack of same). No matter how trivial the tune, over it comes with the mark of perfection.

The tremendous hold that music exercises upon contemporary Vienna was shown at Carnival-time some months ago, when, of 1,500 balls and dances spread over six weeks, the third and fourth biggest and most sumptuous affairs were the dances of the Philharmonic Orchestra, with 3,000 guests, and of the Music Society, for which 4,000 tickets were sold—and everyone rigorously either in fancy-dress or white tie and tails.

The four elephants had to toe the sartorial line; nor did representatives of the new "people's democracies" hang in the background. Music had broken down the barrier, as it has done continuously in concert-hall, opera house, and at the historic old Theatre an der Wien, home of Strauss and Lehar, but also where Beethoven's "Fidelio" was performed for the first time in the Napoleonic period of 1805.

Meanwhile, local composers add to the wealth of music and song, and if none have yet come near the masters of yesterday and before, interesting new works are performed each season. Perhaps the names one hears most often are Marks, Schönberg and Jelinck, each in a different vein.

Josef Marks is thought a lot of in official circles. His compositions tend to the eclectic and romantic, somewhat in the Vaughan Williams manner. Schönberg has been called a "musical Picasso." Incidentally, his style of music was not his discovery, but that of a Wiener Neustadt schoolteacher named Haueau. Back in 1910 the latter invented a twelve-tone musical game for his children and so stumbled on atonalism. Haueau is still alive, but Schönberg has won all the laurels, due to protracted and painstaking study.

Jelinck is an atonal composer who has to earn his living by turning out popular song-hits. Runners-up in the same line are Füssl, Kont and Garai. Even such talented ones find it no easy matter to earn a decent living. Gone entirely are the days which allowed a Fall and a Lehar to live in luxury.

There are so many musicians in Vienna that a prominent artist may get no more than the equivalent of two or three pounds for a half-hour wireless programme. To get even this, he or she may have to prevail against a score of applicants. Hence the keen desire to emigrate, of Viennese musicians and singers. An embarrassment of riches in Mozart's fief may mean as little as £12 a month for a professor of music at the Vienna Conservatoire.

JET PLANES TO PROVIDE LOW-LEVEL SUPPORT FOR THE INFANTRY: These Martin XB 51 bombers are being tested for action by the U.S. Air Force. Details of performance and armament are closely guarded secrets. The aircraft have a crew of two, pilot and radio operator-navigator, who sit in a pressurised air-conditioned cockpit. General Electric jet engines provide the power.

AMERICA'S NEW BOMBER TYPES

Land-borne and Carrier-borne Aircraft of the U.S. Forces

America may in many respects be lagging behind Britain in air-liner production, and notably in the field of jet-propelled air-liners, but some of her latest jet bombers are in the forefront of world development, notably the Martin XB 51 ground-support bomber. Built by the Glenn L. Martin Company, of Baltimore, Maryland, the XB 51 is the first post-war aircraft specifically designed for the support of troops in action. The bomber's variable incidence wings, of approximately 55 ft. span, are swept back at an angle of 35 degrees. The unusual tail assembly includes a horizontal stabiliser above a vertical stabiliser, making a T-formation. Three General Electric J 47 jet engines provide the power.

THE U.S. NAVY'S HEAVIEST CARRIER PLANE GETS ITS SEA LEGS: Settling down smoothly on to the deck of the U.S.S. *Coral Sea* is the Navy's AJ 1, an attack-bomber built by North American Aviation. In recent operations off the Atlantic coast these new heavy bombers showed themselves highly adaptable. They weigh over 17 tons.

POWERED BY ONE JET AND TWO PISTON ENGINES: North American Aviation's latest AJ 1 landing on the flight-deck of the United States carrier *Coral Sea* during a series of trial take-offs and landings. The AJ 1 is designed for high-speed attack missions from carriers, having a top speed in excess of 350 m.p.h. The piston-jet power arrangement of the AJ 1 includes two conventional Pratt and Whitney reciprocating engines, located under the wings, and a single Allison J 33 turbo-jet mounted in the after section of the fuselage. The machine—which is a potential atom-bomb carrier—has a crew of three seated together in a pressurised cockpit.

A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

SOME RECENT EVENTS IN EUROPE, ASIA AND AMERICA

VITAL DEFENCE TALKS OPEN IN WASHINGTON—THE ATLANTIC TREATY DEFENCE COMMITTEE DISCUSSES GERMANY'S POSSIBLE PART IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS: Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Britain's Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Mr. Shinwell, Britain's Defence Minister; General Marshall, the United States Defence Minister; and General Omar Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in conversation together before the start of proceedings. The problem of Germany's part in defence and the French attitude towards it were among the major items before the conference. During the luncheon interval on the second day of the talks Mr. Shinwell took time off to visit the National Press Club, where he explained to representatives of the Press the full scope of the British defence effort which, despite all that has been said in the House of Commons, is apparently still little understood in the U.S.

THE TRIAL OF DR. GORDON SEAGRAVE: The doctor, who has been facing charges of high treason, seen with his counsel for the defence, U. Kyaw Mgint, a former Burmese Supreme Court judge. Although the American doctor was put on trial for his life he seemed cheerful enough in his court appearances. He is said to have helped Captain Naw Seng in a rebellion against the Government. Dr. Seagrave has spent more than twenty-five years in the Far East. He saved many lives during the Bataan "death march," and is the author of a book entitled *Burma Surgeon*. The United States Government has expressed belief in the fairness of the arrangements for the doctor's trial.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR IN AMERICA: General of the Ar... Dwight Eisenhower, President of Columbia Universit... and Mrs. Eisenhower, driving together from the Nation... Airport, Washington, after the former had flown fro... Charleston, West Virginia, to the Federal capital ... order to take part in defence talks. As the talks p... ceeded it became increasingly apparent that Gener... Eisenhower would be offered the supreme command ... the forces of the Atlantic Pact nations.

HENRY WALLACE HAS CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT SOV... AIMS: The former Vice-President of the United Stat... seen during a wireless broadcast. Writing in ... American magazine, he has just declared that ... reverses his viewpoint, and that he now believes th... Russia wants a "shooting war." Wallace claims that ... Stalin menace will be greater than the Hitler menace ever ... He is firmly convinced that Russia accepts the idea of a c... tinuous cold war, and that as soon as she is ready she will ... up arms. "The initiative for peace is now up to Sta... it was up to Hitler in 1938," he affirms, "and I pray t... Stalin will see the light which the Nazi dictator failed to se...

THE DASHERA CELEBRATIONS AT KUALA LUMPUR: The wives of Gurkha soldiers at Wardieburne Camp during the annual festival at which, in accordance with tradition, a bullock's head was severed and there were the usual ceremonial dances. The Gurkhas regard Dashera as the warrior's festival, and it forms an important part of their worship of Durga and the Goddess of Victory. It is felt that the prescribed rites bring the soldier good fortune in battle.

BRITISH OFFICERS AT THE WARRIOR'S FESTIVAL: Major-General Urquhart (centre... General Officer Commanding in Malaya, wearing a garland of flowers dur... the Dashera at Wardieburne Camp, near Kuala Lumpur, when officers and me... of the 2/7th Gurkha Rifles took part in the ceremonial slaying of a bull... and other festivities deemed to bring the regiment good luck. On the ri... is Lieut.-Colonel E. D. Murray and on the left Commander Horncastle of t... Royal Navy.

AWAITING SHIPMENT FROM MILAN TO RUSSIA : This Italian heavy crane is one of thirty being built in Northern Italy under the £8,000,000 annual trade agreement between Italy and the Soviet Union. In many North Italian factories heavy machinery is being made for Russia, while in return Russia sends Italy wheat, timber, ores and fertilisers.

BUILDING THE FLEXEN HIGHWAY, AN AVALANCHE-PROOF ROAD THROUGH THE ALPS : Men engaged in the construction of the new road which will link the famous Arlberg Highway with the Lech Valley. The existing road is frequently blocked by masses of snow, the protective structures being too weak to withstand the pressure built up by the avalanches. With the aid of E.R.P. funds, the construction of new shelters and the reinforcement of the old was begun in the summer of 1949. Men are seen in this picture completing the roof of one of the sheltered sections.

MEMBERS OF THE ITALIAN ROYAL FAMILY FORGATHER IN SWITZERLAND FOR FINANCIAL TALKS : The Duchess of Aosta, ex-Queen Marie Jose of Italy, and ex-King Umberto (right) at a concert at the Palace of the Nations in Geneva. The ex-King and ex-Queen, who have lived apart for some time, and other members of the House of Savoy met to discuss the recent court decision that the only part of the late King Victor Emmanuel's estate which would be forfeit would be that left to Umberto. As a result, Umberto's four sisters receive £3,500,000, and it is understood that they are prepared to give their brother a portion of it.

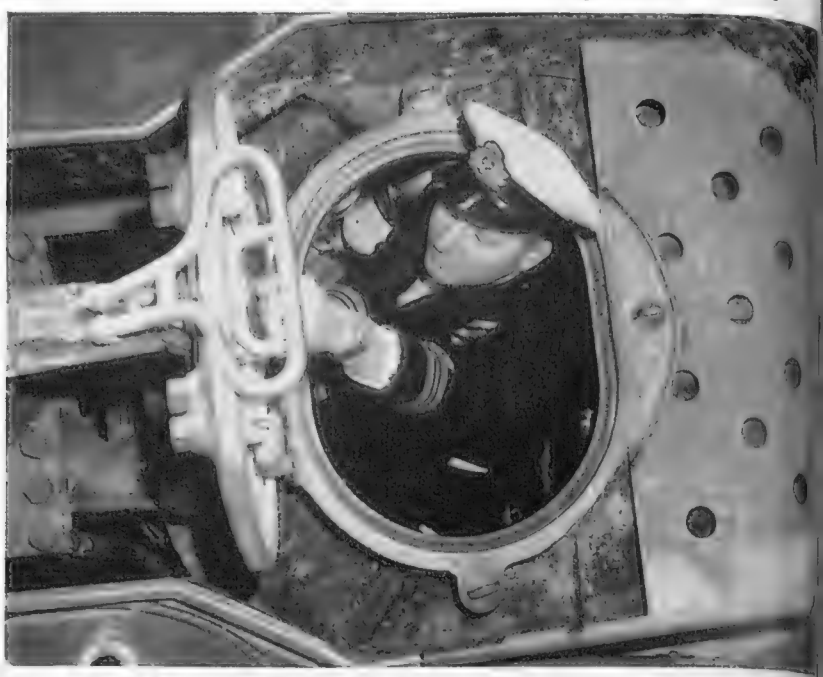
THE FUNERAL OF AL JOLSON : The body of the celebrated stage and screen actor being carried from the Israel Temple, Hollywood, after the service. About 20,000 people thronged the approaches to the temple. Jolson died from heart failure shortly after his return from Korea, where he had been entertaining troops with a series of concerts. Jolson was born at Asa Yoelson, St. Petersburg, in 1886, and he went to the United States as a child. He started his career by joining a circus troupe, later appearing as a café entertainer. In 1911 he made his debut in American musical comedy, and his film career began in 1928 with *The Jazz Singer*, the first motion-picture with dialogue, and *The Singing Fool*, the first all-talking film.

GREECE CELEBRATES THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HER "NO" TO MUSSOLINI : Cadets of the Greek Gendarmerie School marching through Athens during the big parade held to mark the momentous occasion in 1940 when Italy asked the Greek Government to give full entrance into Greek territory to the Italian Army. When Greece refused, Mussolini ordered his troops to invade the country from Albania, but the Italians were driven off the border and made no progress until Hitler decided to aid his ally. Members of the Greek Royal Family and of the Government attended the anniversary parade.

KING PAUL OF GREECE LAYS A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF THE GREEK UNKNOWN WARRIOR : The King at one of the principal ceremonies during the celebrations of the tenth anniversary of Greek resistance to Italy.

THE APPARATUS WHICH HAS CHANGED THE WHOLE STATUS OF THE SUBMARINE IN WAR: An officer of the submarine *Tactician* looking up at the "Snort" breathing apparatus which enables the vessel when submerged to take in air to allow of the operation of her main diesels. With "Snort" equipment submarines can now remain submerged for weeks. Up to 1945 the submarine could have been defined as a vessel which normally cruised on the surface, but was designed to dive and operate under water when required. This definition is no longer exact, and, in fact, the "Snort" has made the submarine an underwater weapon of immense potentialities.

THE EYES OF THE SUBMARINE: The captain of the *Tactician*, Lieut.-Commander John Ogle, looking through the periscope. During the war he had considerable success when operating against Japanese merchant ships plying in Pacific waters.



THE LAST MAN DOWN BEFORE THE SUBMARINE SUBMERGES: The skipper of the *Tactician* about to close the hatch after himself. This procedure is invariably followed in peacetime, but in war, when the submarine has to make a hurried crash dive, there is, needless to say, no standing on ceremony by anyone concerned.

THE LIFEBELT OF THE DEPTHS: A member of a submarine crew wearing the Davis escape apparatus which gives all members a chance to abandon ship when an emergency occurs under water. In the Thames Estuary disaster most of the men reached the surface by Davis escape, but perished a few moments later.

LIFE BELOW THE OCEAN WAVE

THE EXACTING CONDITIONS WHICH OBTAIN IN THE MODERN SUBMARINE SERVICE

YOU can climb down through the submarine hatch. Last down of all, by tradition, is the commander. The steel cover closes, shutting out the last glimpse of daylight.

Your first impression is that the submarine is uncomfortably crowded. It's an impression you never quite get over during your voyage. Neither, for that matter, does anyone else on board.

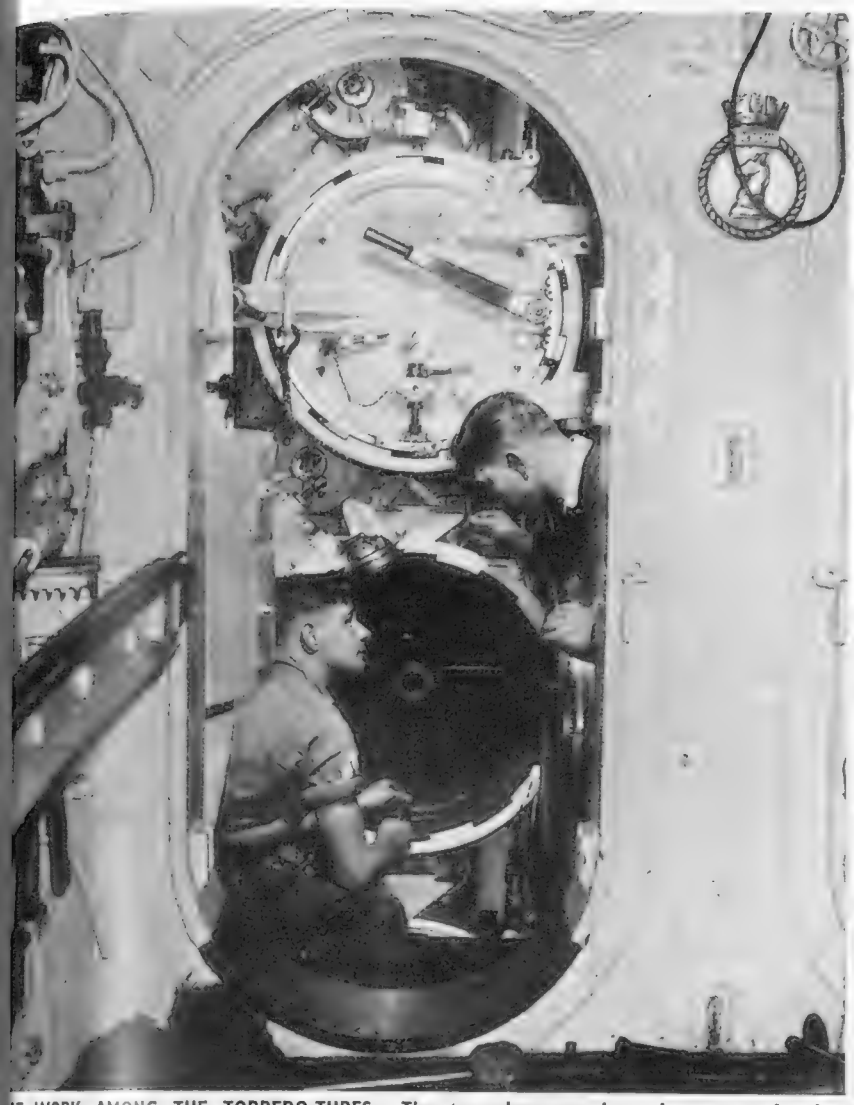
The next thing that strikes you is how steadily the craft goes. There is none of the pitching and tossing of surface vessels. Fears of seasickness are left behind.

You find there is something different about the air you breathe. It takes getting used to. The crew tells you what it is. The "Snort" breathing apparatus is sucking brine-coloured air from the surface, expelling foul air from the hull. It's the British variant of the German Schnorkel breathing apparatus with which a submarine can stay under water when charging motors. But the "Snort" generally expels just a little more air than it sucks in. Crews tell you that you are living in a "slight vacuum." They get used to canned air, but it is apt to be a little hard at times on men suffering from sinus or ear weakness.

The crew grin when you apologise for making one more. That, they tell you, is one of the things they get 1s. a day extra pay for—the inconvenience of cramped quarters, hard bunks, the strain of irritations. They won't have it that there is any more danger in submarines than in any other branch of the Navy. Minor irritations, for instance, are: there are plenty of bathrooms, but no showers. On a long cruise five officers and fifty-five men are allowed only two gallons of water a day for washing, cooking and cleaning out the boat. The "galley" is an electric range running down one side of the companionway. They live in the kitchen, as it were; the mess seats turn upwards at night and become tiers of sleeping bunks. They are hard and narrow, even if the sleepers don't get tossed about much. There is no rolling down under. War doubles the strain, craft must stay under water longer. Submarine crews are trained to be able to find their way in the dark. When a submarine strikes trouble the lighting system is usually the first to fail. In the few seconds before the emergency lighting comes into operation the crew must be able to move quickly. Time and again the captain of the flotilla during an inspection will order lights out and go through drill in the dark.

If a submarine gets out of control it won't remain floating. Either it comes to the surface or it falls into the hands of the enemy, or it sinks to crushing depth where the rising water-pressure crushes in the sides.

When the submarine sinks below its safety depth it is time then to use the Davis escape apparatus. Six men can escape through four exits—the T



AT WORK AMONG THE TORPEDO-TUBES: The torpedoes are housed so securely that they cannot explode during a voyage, but the torpedoes are so adjusted that they will explode even if they hit driftwood on the way to the target.

A MAZE OF MACHINERY SURROUNDS THE HELMSMAN AND THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR: The crew say that they have so many gadgets in a submarine that the work of maintaining and repairing them is never-ending.

LIFTING THE HINGED SEATS OF THE MESS TO TRANSFORM THEM INTO SLEEPING BERTHS: So exacting are the conditions and so cramped that it is little wonder that an allowance of 1s. per day is paid to all the crew for "hard-lying" conditions.

EVEN BALANCE MEANS EVERYTHING IN A SUBMARINE: The afterplanesman watching the gauges. If he does not maintain an even keel the craft may rise swiftly to the surface, or, what is even more serious, sink to a crushing depth.

stowage compartment, the engine-room, the gun-tower and the conning-tower. Valves are opened, the sea flows into the closed compartment. The crew wait in their oxygen-breathing apparatus until the pressure inside and outside has been equalised by the sea. When pressures are equal the hatch is opened and the crew float out to the surface.

Maintenance is one of the submarine's greatest problems. The underwater craft has thousands of parts which can go wrong. In the British submarines all the gadgets are exposed and easy to get at. But just the same the maze of wires and tubes presents an engineer's nightmare.

The high-power, or cruising, periscope of the submarine can see long distances, depending on visibility. The low-power, or attacking, periscope has a much shorter range. But it has the advantage of unobtrusiveness, a big factor in seaways well-patrolled from sea and air.

Asked what was the main bugbear of the submarine, officers replied with instant unanimity: "Absolutely calm weather."

When the surface of the sea is even only slightly ruffled patrolling aircraft cannot see the attacking periscope, even though they fly directly over it. But a glassy calm shows it up remorselessly.

Here are a few points on torpedo shooting. One torpedo is enough usually to sink a ship, but many craft have limped back to port after being hit with two and three. A ship loaded with wood can be hit any number of times without sinking. The submarine captain likes his torpedo to strike amidships where it penetrates the engine-room and blows up the boilers. But the torpedo is not a particularly accurate weapon, especially when fired from a moving platform at a moving target. The captain is grateful if the torpedo hits any part of the ship at all.

Most major targets are worth more than one torpedo. From the periscope the captain gives the order: "Fire one, fire two, fire three." A rumbling hiss marks the torpedo's ejection from the tube, and the submarine shudders slightly in the jolt of the recoil. A high-pressure air bottle feeds the engine in the torpedo until it has carried its explosive death sentence to another ship at sea.

Once the torpedoes are away the submarine looks for trouble from air attack or from depth-charges; also for attacks from its own kind. In the war, about two dozen German U-boats were torpedoed by British submarines. Twenty-five Japanese submarines were bagged by British and American submarines between them.

You come back to port, enjoying the sunny, fresh, open air again, with a greater regard for the cheerful men who serve in the sinister craft on whom will fall the biggest share of the next all-in naval war.

No nations in the world are so vulnerable to submarine attack as those of the British Commonwealth. No other nations need to study the technique of anti-submarine action so closely. Britain's lines of communication circle the globe. More than ever before her trade depends on keeping the sea lanes free.

Huge engineering facilities are necessary to enable submarines to be run economically. Before the Second World War these were not available in Australia. But recent developments, particularly in electrical engineering, have put Australia in a position to refit its own submarines.

Australia to-day is more advanced than any other dominion in anti-submarine warfare which is as well, because of her distance from British bases and the measure of her Pacific isolation.

HOVERING OVER NIAGARA

THE NEW BELL HELICOPTER PAYS A VISIT TO THE FALLS

FLYING OVER THE HORSESHOE CATARACT OF NIAGARA FALLS: The United States Air Force's H 12 multi-purpose, multi-passenger helicopter, designed and produced for the Services by the Bell Aircraft Corporation of Buffalo, seen during a visit to the Falls, which are only a short distance from the Bell Airfield. Usually much of the cataract is obliterated in aerial views because of the tremendous volume of spray rising from the rushing waters of the Niagara, but when this picture was taken unusual atmospheric conditions ensured complete clarity. The picture below was taken from the helicopter over the American Cataract, historic Prospect Point being in the lower left-hand corner of the picture while Goat Island, separating the American and Canadian Falls, is at the right. The H 12 is capable of carrying as many as eight people. It is designed, among other things, for personnel evacuation, cargo transport, observation, liaison and general co-operation with ground forces. Artillery spotting is another function of the versatile H 12

The SCOTLAND of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

SHRINES OF THE GREAT NOVELIST IN MIDLOTHIAN AND ARGYLL

SWANSTON VILLAGE AS IT IS 100 YEARS AFTER THE BIRTH OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON : This sheltered hamlet at the foot of the green Pentland Hills, on the outskirts of Edinburgh, gives its name to a collected edition of the works of Stevenson. The old cottages and the farmhouse remain still very much as Stevenson knew them, when between the years 1867 and 1881, his parents rented Swanston Cottage as a summer holiday home. The cottage and the hamlet of Swanston were introduced by Stevenson with great charm and artistic fidelity into the pages of *St. Ives*. Stevenson has written of Swanston : "The hamlet behind is one of the least considerable of hamlets, and consists of a few cottages on a green beside a burn. Some of them (a strange thing in Scotland) are models of internal neatness . . . the floors and tables bright with scrubbing or pipeclay."

"ON DARK DAYS WHEN THE MIST RUNS LOW UPON THE HILL, THE HOUSE HAS A GLOOMY AIR AS IF SUITABLE FOR PRIVATE TRAGEDY" : This was one description given by R.L.S. to Swanston Cottage, the holiday home of the Stevensons at the foot of the Pentland Hills, but in reality Swanston was a cheerful place, and it was there that Stevenson spent what were undoubtedly some of the happiest of the comparatively few really happy days of his nomadic and varied life. The "green spot in the folds of the Pentlands" became a paradise of romance to the youthful Stevenson; a haven of enchantment after the harsh and often poignant associations of Edinburgh; a city of which he was never particularly fond, owing to its cruel climate and his fluctuating state of health. When not roaming about the hidden dells and moorland strands, Stevenson would sit writing in a little upper room looking out on to Caer Ketton, the highest but one of the rolling Pentland Hills. It was also in this room at Swanston Cottage that he worked with W. E. Henley on *Deacon Brodie*—a play which was to be staged in both England and America. Even now Swanston Cottage and its nearby hamlet remain essentially aloof and remote from the busy world that lies not so very far beyond.

SWANSTON LODGE, MIDLOTHIAN, A LINK WITH THE CHILDHOOD OF R.L.S. : In this low-roofed lodge by the entrance gate of Swanston, Midlothian, lived Robert Louis Stevenson's nurse, Alison Cunningham, the "Cummy" of his youth, who came to the Stevenson family in Edinburgh when Robert Louis was eighteen months old, and who was to look after him with the utmost devotion. Alison Cunningham, to whom "her boy" was later to dedicate his *A Child's Garden of Verses*, remained with the family long after her charge had grown up. She survived Stevenson and died at ninety-one.

On *right*—

THE OLD MANSE AT COLINTON : Robert Louis Stevenson's grandfather, the Rev. Lewis Balfour, lived in this old manse at Colinton by the Water of Leith from 1848 until his death thirty-seven years later. He had married a daughter of Dr. Smith, of Galston—the Dr. Smith who, in Robert Burns' *Holy Fair*, "opens out his cauld harangues on practice and on morals." Mrs. Balfour died before her grandson, Robert Louis, was born, and when he came to know Colinton Manse the household was in the charge of the eldest unmarried daughter of the house who ruled a family of thirteen. To this "Aunt Jane" Stevenson was particularly devoted. Colinton Manse lay within easy walking distance of Stevenson's holiday home at Swanston, and it soon became a place of enchantment to him. Stevenson had been in the habit of visiting the old manse with his parents before they leased Swanston Cottage. He was in his seventeenth year, a far from robust youth, when he first went to the cottage there.

Monday, November 13, marks the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Louis Stevenson, that exhilarating stylist with a genius for adventure, the novelist, essayist, poet and traveller who first saw the light of day at 8, Howerd Place, Edinburgh, the son of Thomas Stevenson, distinguished lighthouse engineer, and Margaret Isabella Balfour, whose father was Minister of the parish of Colinton.

Stevenson's health was infirm from the first. He suffered from frequent bronchial affections. In January 1853 his parents moved to No. 1, Inverleith Terrace, Edinburgh, and in May 1857 to 17, Heriot Row, which continued to be the Stevensons' home until the father's death in 1887. Much of young Stevenson's time, however, was spent in the manse of Colinton on the Water of Leith, the home of his maternal grandfather. Robert Louis Stevenson's links with Scotland are many indeed. At Pitlochry he wrote *Thrawn Janet* and the chief part of *The Merry Men*, two of the strongest tales in Scottish literature, and at Braemar he began *Treasure Island*, his father helping with suggestions. After a wet season at Braemar, he was ordered off in 1881-82 to spend the winter at Davos. It was there that he finished the great adventure of *Treasure Island*. In the summer of 1882, R.L.S. again tried Scotland, at Stobo Manse in Upper Tweeddale, Lochearnhead and Kingussie. Once again the Scottish climate had bad effects on his health. After his early thirties Stevenson bade goodbye to Scotland, and his paths lay even farther afield, ending eventually high above the Pacific amid the beauties of Vailima. But R.L.S. never forgot the land of his boyhood and upbringing, and through his works the love of Scotland is plain to see, most notably perhaps in the glowing pages of *St. Ives*.

THE SCOTLAND OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

IN THE CENTENARY YEAR OF HIS BIRTH

COLINTON CHURCH, MIDLOTHIAN: The church can be seen from the window of the manse, the home of Robert Louis Stevenson's maternal grandfather. It was there that young Stevenson spent much of his childhood, journeying out from Edinburgh to see his grandfather, a most zealous minister of the church. In later years Stevenson was to write of Colinton, the church, the graveyard terrace and the manse with haunting vividness, and we have a picture of the old Scottish minister seated in a dark and cold room, amid "his library of bloodless books, writing his sermons and endless letters to his scattered family."

WHERE STEVENSON WROTE "THRAWN JANET" AND T GREATER PART OF "THE MERRY MEN": This memo plaque is on Kinnaird Cottage, Pitlochry, Stevens home during the summer of 1881. Later in the ye bad weather drove him to Davos for his healt

CALLART HOUSE, NETHER LOCHABER: Callart House, on the Inverness-shire side of Loch Leven, the sea-loch that divides Argyll from Inverness-shire, figures in the strange tale of the "Appin Murder," which Stevenson in *Kidnapped* made famous far beyond the bounds of the Highlands. It was at Callart that Alan Breck stayed shortly before the mysterious murder of the "Red Fox," Campbell of Glenure, on the road across the loch in the Stewart country of Appin. Until lately there was kept in a cupboard at Callart House an old gun, which, it is said, was the gun that killed the "Red Fox." Even Stevenson himself never succeeded in solving the closely-guarded secret—the identity of the man who shot Colin Campbell on that summer day in 1752. Like Ballachulish House, over the water, Callart is a house of dramatic memories and quite a number of strange happenings.

"WE HAVE A LOVELY SPOT HERE: A LITTLE GREEN GLEN WITH A BURN... BEHIND, GREAT PURPLY MOORLANDS REACHING TO BEN-Y-VRACKIE": This w how Robert Louis Stevenson described Kinnaird Cottage, high above Pitloch where, with his wife and parents, he spent two months during the summer 1881. It was there, in an upper room, that Stevenson wrote *Thrawn Jane* and the greater part of *The Merry Men*. The former tale was the outcom of an extensive study of Scottish literature and witchcraft, and its author use to say that had he written nothing else save this and the story of "Tod Lapraik" in *Catriona*, he would still have been a writer. Stevenson's sta at Kinnaird Cottage during June and July of 1881 coincided with an unusuall stormy summer of wind and rain. But he was too engrossed with his writi to mind the weather. Mrs. Stevenson relates how on the night *Thrawn Jane* was finished in that upper room with the rain drumming upon the roof, h husband "had fairly frightened himself, and we crept downstairs, hand-in-han like two scared children." It was while crossing the moors between Pitloch and Strathairdle that Stevenson first conceived the plan of writing *The Maste of Ballantrae*, the book he was destined to leave unwritten for several year

"THERE IS A REGULAR FERRY FROM TOROSAY TO KINLOCHALINE ON THE MAINLAND. BOTH SHORES OF THE SOUND ARE IN THE COUNTRY OF THE STRONG CLAN OF THE MACLEANS, AND THE PEOPLE THAT PASSED THE FERRY WITH ME WERE ALMOST ALL OF THAT CLAN": Here again the words of Stevenson are recalled, describing the Sound of Mull. This picture was taken from near Torosay, on Mull. It was from Torosay that David Balfour crossed to Kinlochaline, in Argyll, in *Kidnapped*.

IN THE "KIDNAPPED" COUNTRY: It was in the Old Hawes Inn at New Halls, on the outskirts of South Queensferry, that Ebenezer Balfour and Captain Hoseason plotted the abduction of David Balfour. Towering above the celebrated old inn by the roadside is one of the approach viaducts of the Forth Bridge.

"IT SEEMED A HARD COUNTRY, THIS OF APPIN, FOR PEOPLE TO CARE AS MUCH ABOUT AS ALAN DID": These are typical houses in Appin which figure so dramatically in the pages of *Kidnapped* and its sequel, *Catriona*, the two stories which deal so thrillingly with the adventures of young David Balfour. The historical incident of the "Appin Murder," the shooting of Campbell of Glenure, the "Red Fox," on the Duror Road in 1752, is vividly described in *Kidnapped*, as also is the flight through the heather from Appin of David Balfour.

A FAR-FAMED FARMHOUSE IN GLEN DUROR, ARGYLLSHIRE: This was where James Stewart, "James of the Glens," lived until he was wrongfully hanged for the murder of the "Red Fox." In *Kidnapped* the farmhouse is called the House of Fear.

BALLACHULISH HOUSE, ARGYLL, ITS LINK WITH HISTORY AND LITERARY HISTORY: Close to the narrows where the waters of Loch Leven flow like a great tidal river into Loch Linnhe, stands this silent, white-walled house of dramatic memories. Ballachulish House, where the order was signed that brought about the massacre of the Glencoe Macdonalds, is closely connected with the events that led to the equally notorious "Appin Murder" in 1752. In a room at Ballachulish House an unknown man was tied down with ropes to prevent him from confessing his guilt on that November day when Stewart of Glen Duror—"James of the Glens"—was wrongfully hanged on the knoll above Ballachulish Ferry. To this day the identity of the man who killed the "Red Fox" remains a loyally-kept secret in the district—a secret that not even Robert Louis Stevenson himself was able to solve when he visited the neighbourhood as a young man in company with his father.

ROMANTIC NETHER LOCHABER, THE LAND WHICH SET THE IMAGINATION OF STEVENSON AFIRE: From the braes of Nether Lochaber, across the blue waters of Loch Leven that divide the counties of Argyll and Inverness, looms the great bulk of Benvheir. It was at the foot of this mountain that the "Red Fox" was shot on the road in the wood of Lettermore, the notorious and historical "Appin Murder" which Stevenson brought into *Kidnapped*. The author himself visited this romantic region with his father, Thomas Stevenson, during the summer of 1880. *Kidnapped* was first published in July 1886 when Stevenson was living at Bournemouth and his Scottish days were over. It was the death of Stevenson's father a year later that indeed broke the strongest ties which bound him to these shores, and as his own health showed no sign of improvement, the doctors, as a last chance of recovery, recommended some complete change of climate and mode of life. It was then that R.L.S. went to America, but he did not forget his beloved Scotland.

THE DARK HILLS OF NORTH ARGYLL LOOK DOWN UPON A COUNTRYSIDE STEEPED WITH DRAMATIC LORE AND GRIM MEMORIES: It was through this district that David Balfour and Alan Breck made their famous flight through the heather. The "Appin Murder" happened in the summer of 1752. But the identity of the man who killed Colin Campbell, factor of the confiscated estates of the local Jacobite chiefs, has never been divulged.

"WE HAD A HADDOCK TO OUR BREAKFAST IN MUSSELBURGH . . . BEFORE THE FIRST NINEPENNY COACH WAS DUE FROM EDINBURGH, FOR (AS ALAN SAID) THAT WAS A RENCOUNTER WE MIGHT VERY WELL AVOID."—(R. L. Stevenson in *Catriona*.) David Balfour and Alan Breck passed through this quaint old Midlothian town of Musselburgh, by the shores of the Forth, before the latter made his exciting final escape to France.

SWEDEN'S NEW KING TAKES THE OATH

KING GUSTAV VI AND HIS ENGLISH-BORN QUEEN

THE SIXTH SOVEREIGN OF THE HOUSE OF BERNADOTTE: King Gustav VI of Sweden and his English-born consort, Queen Louise, leaving Drottningholm Castle after attending a service for the late King Gustav V, who has died at the age of ninety-two. To-day (November 11) Gustav VI celebrates his sixty-eighth birthday.

TAKING THE OATH: King Gustav VI in the Throne Room of Stockholm Palace, where the official ceremony of installation took place in the presence of leading members of the Swedish Government.

KING GUSTAV VI PRESIDES AT THE FIRST MEETING OF HIS CROWN COUNCIL: The King told the Council that his father would be buried on November 9 in Stockholm's Riddarholms Church beside the body of his consort, Queen Victoria, who died in 1930. The King expressed a wish to dispense with the Coronation ceremony.

THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING! King Gustav VI leaving the Hall of State at Stockholm after he had taken the oath as King of the Swedes, the Wends and the Goths, promising to rule "gently with justice and with integrity." He then appeared on the balcony of the Palace in company with the four-year-old Crown Prince, his grandson.

THE FIRST BALCONY APPEARANCE OF THE REIGN: King Gustav VI with his four-year-old grandson, Prince Carl Gustav, the heir-presumptive. The Crown Prince is the son of the late Prince Gustav Adolf, Duke of Västerbotten, who was killed in the Copenhagen air disaster in 1947. His mother is Princess Sybilla of Saxe-Coburg.

No Swedish King since the days of the House of Vasa, when Sweden and Denmark were united, has reigned as long as the late King Gustav V, fifth ruler of the House of Bernadotte, and direct descendant of the Napoleonic Marshal, the Prince of Ponte Corvo. King Gustav V's reign spanned forty-seven years, and this democratic "King of the Swedes, the Wends and the Goths" had dined as a young man with Disraeli and lunched, as an old man, with Hitler. The world-wide tributes that have been paid to his memory have all had a ring of deep sincerity, for his steadfastness and his whole way of living appealed strongly to the people. King Gustav V is succeeded by his son, the sixty-eight-year-old Duke of Skane, who, in accordance with Royal custom, announced to his Cabinet after he had taken the oath the motto he had chosen for the reign. It is "Duty Before All." His father's motto was "With the People for the Country." These royal mottoes are imprinted on all coins of the realm in Sweden.

ROYAL SPLENDOUR IN AUTUMNAL LONDON : The King's coach, with a Sovereign's Escort, arriving at the House of Lords for the opening of the new session of Parliament. As the coach arrived the first boom of a 41-gun salute echoed from St. James's Park.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH DRIVES TO WESTMINSTER : She was a radiant figure in white.

The STATE OPENING of PARLIAMENT

The opening of the new session of Parliament, an occasion of brilliance and glitter amid the drabness of autumnal London, was of special significance, for it coincided with the restoration of the House of Lords to the Lords after a long spell as the temporary home of the Commons.

The King drove by coach to Westminster accompanied by the Queen, and Princess Elizabeth went by car. Their Majesties were cheered, and saluted by the presentation of arms, all along the route, and the Household Cavalry, riding their jet-black chargers, provided the usual magnificent escort.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE IRISH STATE COACH : Their Majesties driving from Buckingham Palace to Westminster.

THE KING AND QUEEN AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN THE FOYER OF THE EMPIRE THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE : Their Majesties talking to film executives on arriving to see the Royal Command Film Show held in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund. The Queen and the Princesses were in black, the Court being in mourning for the late King Gustav V of Sweden. Princess Elizabeth's gown was made in a day and rushed to Clarence House just before the show.

More than £50,000 was raised this year by the Royal Command film show, the presentation of *The Mudlark*, in which Irene Dunne plays the part of Queen Victoria. By the express wish of the King and Queen the film was presented without any of the judicious cuts which had at first been deemed necessary, and after the show Their Majesties offered their congratulations to Miss Dunne on her performance. Many stars of the screen appeared in the stage show, including Marlene Dietrich, Hollywood's youngest-looking grandmother, who, much to the delight of everyone, sang "Lili Marlene." Miss Claudette Colbert and Miss Gloria Swanson and her daughter were among the many Hollywood personalities whom the crowds outside the theatre craned forward to see as they made their regal entrances and exits on what was a truly memorable occasion.

The KING and QUEEN at the COMMAND FILM SHOW

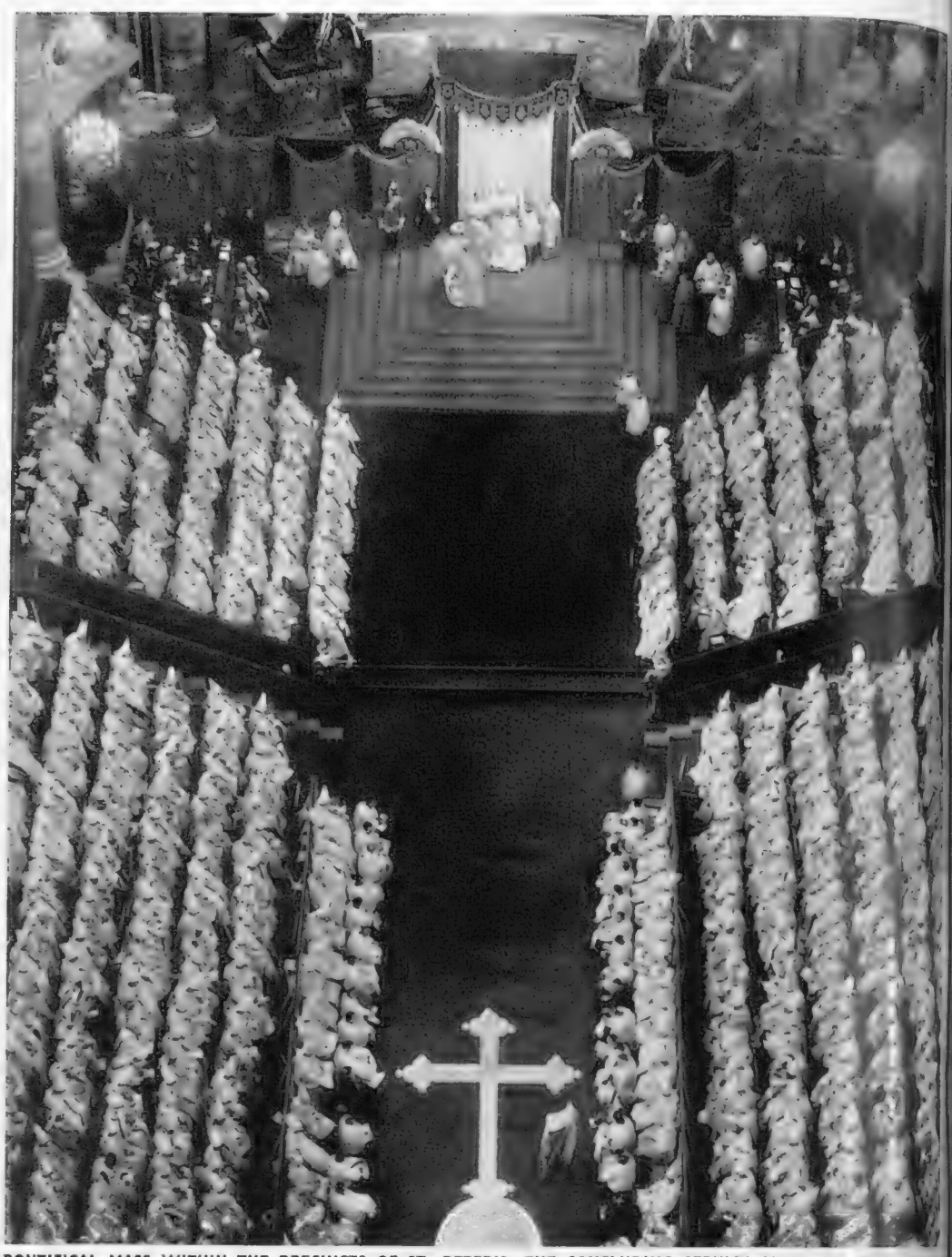
THE QUEEN RECEIVES IRENE DUNNE : Her Majesty at the Empire Theatre with the film actress who plays the part of Queen Victoria in the Royal Command film, *The Mudlark*. The King is seen standing beside Marlene Dietrich

POPE PIUS PROCLAIMS THE NEW DOGMA

A GREAT THRONG GATHERS FOR THE CEREMONIAL IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE

POPE PIUS PROCLAIMS THE NEW DOGMA ON THE STEPS OF ST. PETER'S : His Holiness, enthroned beneath a banner showing the Virgin Mary's Assumption, reading the opening passages of the Papal Bull proclaiming and defining the new dogma which sets out the Roman Catholic belief regarding the bodily assumption of the Virgin Mary into heaven. About 500,000 people gathered in St. Peter's Square to hear the proclamation, and there was an immense congregation within the Basilica, where Pontifical Mass was celebrated.

"The Immaculate Mother of God, Mary ever virgin, when the course of her life was finished, was taken up body and soul to heaven," are the concluding words of the Papal Bull in which the Pope has proclaimed the new dogma at one of the most impressive ceremonies ever held by the Roman Catholic Church. Pope Pius proclaimed the dogma from his throne in front of the main door of the Basilica. He was heard by a huge crowd of many nationalities which overflowed from St. Peter's Square into the broad thoroughfare beyond and as far as the banks of the Tiber. Soon after the proclamation the bells of Rome's hundreds of churches were ringing, clouds of specially-released doves were wheeling over the Vatican, and the Pope, the cardinals and the bishops passed into St. Peter's for Pontifical Mass. The proclamation coincided with a national holiday in Spain where General Franco ordered artillery salutes to mark "the most important religious event of the century."



PONTIFICAL MASS WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF ST. PETER'S, THE CONCLUDING SERVICE AFTER THE PROCLAMATION OF THE NEW DOGMA FROM THE STEPS OF THE BASILICA : While 500,000 people filled the square outside, many of them Holy Year pilgrims to Rome, the Pope, the cardinals, the bishops and a vast congregation of 40,000, took part in Pontifical Mass. Diplomatic representatives in their gold-laced uniforms added to the brilliance of the scene, the most important event of the present Holy Year

MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS ENTERING THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S AFTER THE PROCLAMATION : Previously the Pope had received the obeisance of the cardinals on his throne on the steps of St. Peter's, and the archbishops, bishops and patriarchs, numbering about 700, had ranged themselves round the throne.

THE CARDINALS, ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE POPE FOR THE SEMI-PUBLIC CONSISTORY AT ST. PETER'S AT WHICH THE POPE SOUGHT APPROVAL FOR THE PROCLAMATION WHICH HE WAS ABOUT TO MAKE TO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC WORLD: Seventh from the right in the front row is Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, one of the many churchmen from overseas who congregated in Rome for the proclamation. Cardinal Griffin had previously received the Pope's blessing on the occasion of the centenary of the restoration of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England and Wales.

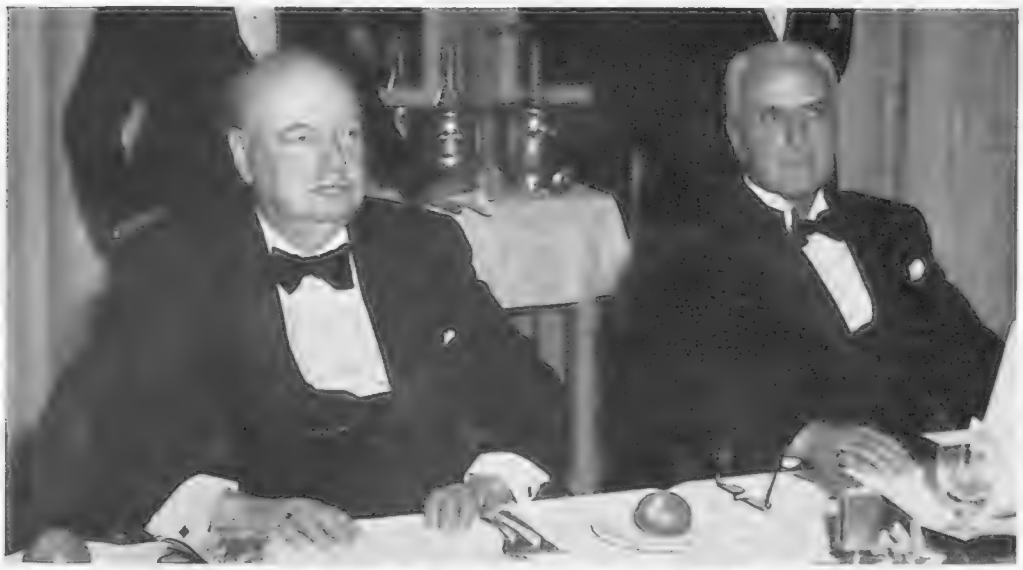
THE CROWDS FILLED THE PIAZZA AND THE STREETS AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE: This overhead view shows the great throng, estimated at 500,000 people, which gathered round St. Peter's to hear the Pope's words relayed from the steps as he proclaimed the new dogma. They heard his Holiness as, standing in front of his throne, he declared: "For the troubled and deluded men of the present generation, anxiously searching for a great, lost blessing, there now opens a luminous border of heaven." His voice, defining the new dogma, was, he said, "the voice of centuries, the voice of eternity." The vision of the Virgin Mary, now in heaven, would open to and comfort "unquiet and anguished souls" and those "who no longer believe in the goodness of life." The Pope addressed himself especially to those "particularly near to my heart"—the poor, the sick, refugees, prisoners, the persecuted, the workless and the homeless, sufferers of every kind; and he bade them "raise their eyes" to her who had followed the paths of poverty, scorn, exile, and grief, and was now in eternal light. The Pope ended by hoping that the Assumption might signify a return of the warmth of affection and life in human hearts; and dwelt on the fact that all were "sons of the same mother, Mary."

HOME NEWS

CHRISTMAS IN OXFORD STREET: RESTORING GRAY'S INN: THE DAVID ALLAN DISCOVERY: THE NURSES' MEMORIAL CHAPEL

THE FIRST HINT OF CHRISTMAS IN LONDON'S BIG SHOPPING THOROUGHFARE: The body of a reindeer being hoisted to its position outside Selfridges, Oxford Street, where it joins its fellow-reindeer who are shown drawing Santa Claus' sleigh. In between the pillars are Christmas trees. Big crowds gathered in the street below as Father Christmas and his equipage were hoisted from pavement level

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR PAYS A VISIT TO LONDON: The Duke, who was here to discuss private business, driving from Victoria Station after his arrival. While in London he stayed with Queen Mary at Marlborough House, returning to Paris two days later.



MR. CHURCHILL CELEBRATES FIFTY YEARS AS A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT: Mr. Churchill with Sir Arnold Gridley, the chairman, at the dinner given in his honour by 200 fellow-Conservatives and admirers at the Savoy Hotel on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his election to the House of Commons. Mr. Churchill returned to England from the South African War in 1900, and at a late stage in the General Election preparations no fewer than eleven constituencies asked him to stand. Mr. Churchill accepted the Oldham offer and he was elected. His first Government post was in 1905 as Colonial Under-Secretary under Campbell-Bannerman.

QUEEN MARY AT THE BALLET FESTIVAL: Her Majesty with Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin in the Royal box at the Stoll Theatre during an interval in the Festival Ballet Company's performance in honour of Dame Adeline Genet and the Royal Academy of Dancing. Markova and Dolin are partners of long standing, their association having begun in 1925-27, when they undertook a joint tour

THE RESTORATION OF HISTORIC GRAY'S INN HALL: This general view shows the new oaken roof taking shape. Oak trees more than 200 years old from a Kentish estate are being used to restore the hall, which was destroyed by fire during the blitz. The oak has been seasoning for more than twelve years. The new hammer-beam roof will be an exact copy of the old Elizabethan roof, and the only important addition to the hall will be a south oriel window. The original Gray's Inn Hall, in which Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* was acted in 1594, narrowly escaped destruction by an incendiary bomb in the First Great War, and was badly hit twice in the Second World War, first in 1940 and again in 1944. The library, with much of its contents, suffered the same fate. Since the war a temporary building has done duty for both hall and library.

THE GREAT BEAMS OF GRAY'S INN: A craftsman at work in the new hall, an exact replica of the original Elizabethan structure. On every grand night in Gray's Inn members toast "the glorious, pious and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth."

THE HOUSE ON THE SHORE, ALLOA, WHERE DAVID ALLAN WAS BORN, AND WHERE AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY HAS JUST BEEN MADE : On the wall of a room, bricked-up for forty-three years, the Rev. Dr. Crouther Gordon has found a water-colour of a river scene. It seems that the water-colour will confirm the legend that Allan, the Scottish Hogarth, painted his early pictures on the walls of his home.

THE PAINTING ON THE WALL : The Rev. Dr. Crouther Gordon, a Fellow of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, and Mr. J. T. M'Laren, factor for the Earl of Mar and Kellie, examining the painting in the formerly bricked-up room in the house at Alloa where David Allan was born. It was while gathering material for his life of Allan that the Rev. Dr. Gordon decided to have the walls of the room broken down. There is still no certain evidence that the wall painting is the work of Allan, but it seems to be a strong probability. Allan was born at Alloa and went to Italy at the age of twenty to pursue his studies, painting in the style of Poussin. He returned to Britain in 1777 and after supporting himself for a while by portrait painting in London, he finally settled in Edinburgh, where he was made Master of the Academy in 1786.

IN THE NEW NURSES' MEMORIAL CHAPEL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY WHICH WAS UNVEILED BY THE QUEEN LAST WEEK : The chapel commemorates the 3,000 nurses of the British Commonwealth and Empire who died at their duty in the Second World War. The window, designed and made by Mr. Hugh Easton, almost fills one wall of the Upper Islip Chapel, which is in the North Ambulatory, near the North Transept. In this chapel the Queen took her place during the service, with the Princess Royal, Helen, Duchess of Northumberland (president of the British Commonwealth and Empire Nurses' War Memorial Fund), and the Dean (Dr. A. C. Don). The whole chapel has been set aside as the nurses' war memorial and refurnished to the designs of Mr. Sebastian Comper. A bronze casket holds the roll of honour, containing the names of 3,076 nurses, midwives and auxiliaries, and near it stand two gilded bronze candlesticks, the gift of the Queen. The war memorial fund, launched in 1946 by the *Nursing Mirror* (which has paid all administrative expenses), has raised £77,000

A LLOYDS UNVEILING : Mr. Matthew W. Drysdale, the chairman of Lloyds, unveiling a portrait of Sir Eustace Pulbrook by Mr. David Jagger. Sir Eustace was chairman in 1926, from 1940 to 1946, and again after the war. The portrait will hang in the Chairman's room. At the unveiling, held in the presence of Sir Eustace Pulbrook and Mr. Jagger, Mr. Drysdale referred to Sir Eustace's unparalleled record of service and achievement. The portrait, he said, had been painted at the request of more than 100 members.

THE GREAT UNICORN MYSTERY : One of a pair of 12-ft.-high bronze figures in position at the summit of the new £700,000 Council House in Bristol. It was while the unicorns were being set up that doubts arose about who ordered the unicorns and why, and temporarily the work was halted while enquiries were made. Back from his holiday in Italy, Mr. Vincent Harris, seventy-one-year-old designer of the new £700,000 civic centre, admitted that it was he who substituted the mythical animals for 600 ft. of ornamental lead ridging that would have cost the ratepayers £3,000. After a ninety-minute chat with the eight Bristol building committee members, the decision to erect the unicorns was finally made, and, accordingly, the second fabulous figure was hauled into position 80 ft. above the ground.

TURNPIKE BUILDING in the U.S.

Over the Appalachians from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia

The idea of a safe, swift and direct automobile route from industrial Pittsburgh through the rugged Appalachian Mountains, across rich farmlands, and on to metropolitan Philadelphia, has become a reality with the completion of a new 100-mile extension to the Pennsylvania Turnpike, an American autobahn over which motorists travel at a toll of 1d. per mile.

One prime mover of the super-highway plan, Governor James H. Duff, of Pennsylvania, snipped a gold and blue ribbon stretching across the road at Valley Forge and led a procession of State officials, mayors and other notables down the Philadelphia Extension past the very place where, less than twenty-five months ago, he had broken ground for the construction of this 87,000,000-dollar addition to the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

At the nine new interchanges between historic King of Prussia and Carlisle—and all along this giant concrete path which increases Pennsylvania's modern version of the eighteenth-century toll-road to a total of 260 efficient miles—country school children, Amish farmers, small-town businessmen and big-city executives saw the dedication caravan of more than 100 cars move by on what a eulogistic Press has called the world's richest as well as most beautiful turnpike.

With the success of the initial 160-mile stretch, linking Pittsburgh and Harrisburg, to go by, blueprints were drawn up for the additional 100 miles of highway that would extend the Pennsylvania Turnpike on to the outskirts of Philadelphia. The tremendous engineering and construction job, which includes the building of 123 bridges and structures as well as a huge amount of landscaping work in addition to the actual task of making the road itself, will probably go down in the books as one of the largest and swiftest in history.

To the motorist himself the penny-a-mile toll he forks out for driving his car across a concrete expressway, like the Pennsylvania Turnpike, is a cheap price for his freedom from jaywalkers, traffic tie-ups, steep grades and sharp curves.

To lorry owners, who pay rates based on the type of their vehicles, the saving in time, petrol and driving strain has meant a material economy in operating costs and well worth the fare the Turnpike charges. As a matter of fact, lorries represent the Turnpike's largest single source of revenue.

Bus companies, too, are becoming attracted to the Turnpike in increasing numbers, as they also are finding that the highway cuts valuable hours of running time off their schedules.

WHERE THE PENNSYLVANIA TURNPIKE PASSES THROUGH THE LAND OF THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH: This is an aerial view of the new extension where it passes through the farmlands, originally settled by the Dutch, between Lebanon and Lancaster. Motorists pay 1d. a mile to use this safe and sure express highway, like the German autobahn and the Italian autostrada of pre-war conception.

HOW ROAD CROSSINGS ARE ELIMINATED ON THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA TURNPIKE: At these "interchanges," as they are called in America, the motorist circles left and crosses the turnpike by a bridge.

CROSSING THE SUSQUEHANA RIVER: Here the new Turnpike is carried over a magnificent concrete bridge into Harrisburg. The turnpike extension is from Harrisburg to the outskirts of Philadelphia. The original stretch is from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg.

THE LONG RIBBON OF CONCRETE ACROSS THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA: *Left*—The dual carriageways made up of paving 9 ins. thick and reinforced with steel. The traffic lanes are 24 ft. wide, separated by a 10-ft. grass strip. *Right*—The highway and one of its many overpasses. It has been found that a growing number of motorists are willing to pay tolls for the luxury of travelling comfortably over swift routes without slowing intersections. Bus companies find that on the Turnpike they maintain fast schedules.

THE TAIL UNIT OF THE WRECKED VIKING: The fact that it was shorn away from the rest of the fuselage probably accounted for the escape of the stewardess and one passenger. The rest of the machine was burnt out.

THE VIKING AIR DISASTER

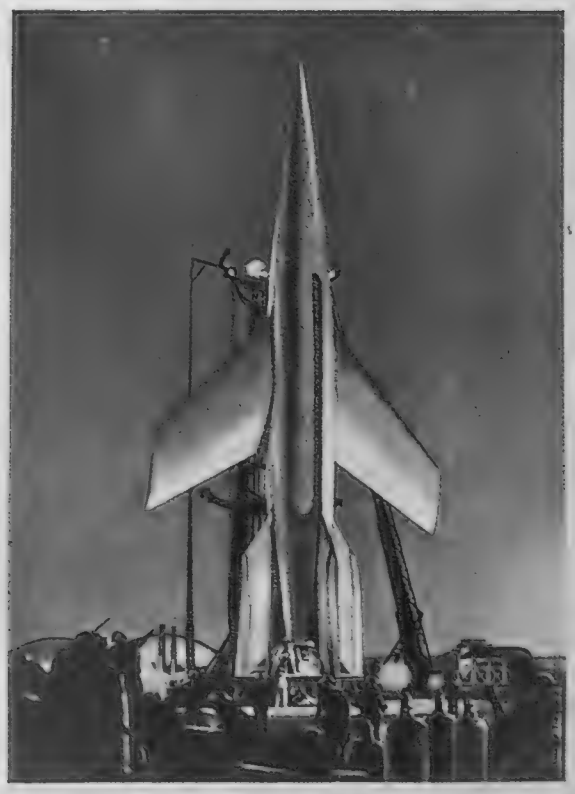
THE TRAGEDY AT LONDON AIRPORT IN A DENSE FOG

Why the British European Airways Viking which crashed at London Airport with the loss of twenty-eight lives was allowed to attempt a landing in visibility of 40 yards was one of the questions which were certain to be asked at the inquiry which Lord Pakenham instituted after the disaster. When discussing the matter in the House of Commons last week M.P.s urged the use of FIDO, a method of dispersing fog by lighting petrol which has been forced through jets. This method, which is costly, was used to bring in aircraft during the latter part of the war. It is possible that the Ministry of Civil Aviation may see fit to reintroduce the system.

AN ENGINE TORN FROM ITS MOUNTINGS: When the ill-fated Viking left the runway it hit a stack of piping, and this accounted for the violence with which the engine nacelles parted company with the wings. Visibility was down to 40 yards at the time of the disaster.

THE DRAIN PIPES WHICH CAUSED THE PLANE TO CRASH AFTER IT HAD TAXI-ED DOWN IN A DENSE FOG AND LEFT THE RUNWAY: The Viking, returning from Paris, was making a Ground Control Approach. The plane had been diverted from Northolt to London Airport, the former airfield having been closed to traffic 30 minutes earlier.

THE STILL FOG-BOUND AIRPORT ON THE MORNING AFTER THE TRAGEDY: It will be seen that one of the wings was more or less intact, as well as the tail unit. A great many personal belongings were found. These fell from the plane before it caught fire and at the moment when the tail unit parted company with the rest of the fuselage. There were thirty people aboard the aircraft, of whom only two survived the crash



"ZERO HOUR MINUS FIVE"—A ROCKET SHIP IS PREPARED FOR ITS TRIP TO THE MOON: This is one of the dramatic paintings by Chesley Bonestell in his new book, which he has brought out with the collaboration of Willy Ley, entitled *The Conquest of Space*. The book, published by Sidgwick and Jackson at 18s., is described as a preview of the greatest adventure awaiting mankind. The drawings and paintings reproduced on these pages all relate to a rocket trip to the moon, obviously the first objective in any journey into space which may be attempted.

THE LEIBNITZ MOUNTAINS, ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE MOUNTAIN RANGES ON THE MOON, AS SHOWN BY CHESLEY BONESTELL IN HIS NEW BOOK "THE CONQUEST OF SPACE": Cammille Flammarion called the Leibnitz Mountains "the mountains of eternal light." They are 30,000 ft. high, surpassing the Himalayas and the Pamirs. They are shown here during an eclipse of the sun by the earth.

BY ROCKET TO THE MOON

A PREVIEW OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE WHICH AWAITS MANKIND

THE world is now entering on the third astronomical era. In the first era the planets were observed with the naked eye; in the second by the telescope, and in the third era the planets will be visited. In America to-day it is even possible to book seats for the first space ship to the moon.

In their new book, *The Conquest of Space*, the authors portray in text and pictures the universe that our children may some day visit, and a large part of this imaginative and cleverly illustrated volume is taken up with the lunar adventure. What may man expect to find upon the surface of the moon when finally he alights upon it?

"We now have our own ideas of what a moon trip will be like," writes Willy Ley, collaborator with Mr. Chesley Bonestell in the production of *The Conquest of Space*. We know that it will begin with tense minutes of waiting on a mountain-top near the Equator, above the densest and most troublesome layers of the atmosphere. We know that finally there will be zero hour, zero minute and zero second, and then the roaring bellow from the exhaust nozzles of the ship. At first its path will be vertical, but then the ship's nose will be tilted eastward, because that way it can utilise the speed of the earth's rotation. Of course, the moon will not be in line with the ship's nose. The ship will point to the spot where the moon will be four days later. After four days will come the moment of landing. This will look very much like a take-off, declares Mr. Ley. The ship will be balanced down on her tail, the balancing manœuvre performed by the same mechanism that did the balancing during take-off. The instant the ship touches, the motor will be cut off. There will be a great silence. The ship will have reached the shining island of Levania, of which Kepler dreamed. And with the landing the third era of astronomy will truly begin.

Among the things which everybody knows about the moon are that it always points the same side to the earth and that it is without atmosphere. The first of these two facts is ancient knowledge, since it can be established by naked-eye observation. The second could not be known until after the invention of the telescope.

The modern astronomer, or, rather, his helper from the Department of Physics, also knows why the moon is airless; in fact, he can prove that it was "always" without air. This means that the moon, if it once had an atmosphere, was not able to keep it more than a few thousand years at the most.

The realisation that the moon must have lost its atmosphere quickly—although it presumably had a gaseous envelope for some time during the early days of its career—led to Simon Newcomb's famous statement that the moon is a world without weather on which nothing ever happens. Newcomb may not have meant it literally, and it is not literally true.

A LUNAR BASE IS SET UP AND ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE FOR A WEEKLY TRANSPORT TO THE EARTH: Here the artist gives his impression of the first camp which would be set up by the explorers of the moon. He shows the distant mountains brilliantly illuminated by the rays of the rising sun.

The temperature-range on the moon, from lunar midday to lunar midnight, amounts to almost 600 deg. Fah. Rocks exposed to such temperature changes at regular two-week intervals will crack. Their crystalline structure will give way under repeated expansion and contraction and the surface will flake off. The result should be that the moon's surface be covered with fine rock dust. Since there is no wind to move it around, the rock dust will leave the place where it formed only because of gravity. The peaks, therefore, will be exposed to the sun and to further disintegration, while the amount of dust accumulated at the less steep slopes may be considerable. In general, however, the layer of rock dust is likely to be quite shallow, since a dust layer, once formed, will insulate the solid rock underneath.

During Kepler's lifetime the second era of astronomy had not yet progressed far enough to establish the lack of an atmosphere on the moon as a certainty. Kepler could still believe in air on the moon and in inhabitants of the moon. In fact, he needed that hypothesis in order to explain the "craters." He took them to be artificial structures, circular walls erected by the selenites (inhabitants of the moon) as a safeguard against the swampiness of the *maria*, and also against the rays of the sun.

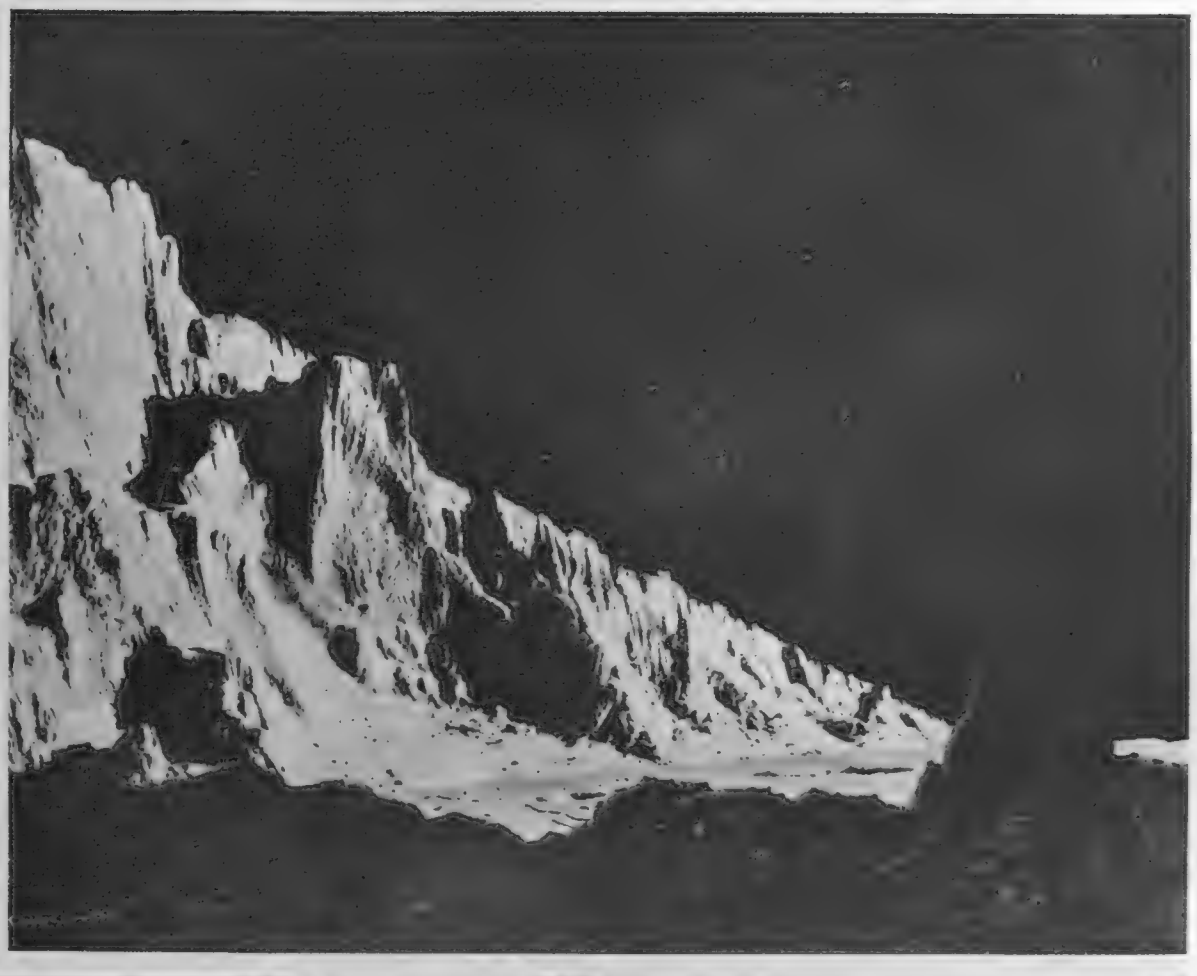
It must have been hard to give up the belief in selenites. But it is also understandable that some astronomers did not bury their hopes completely. If you wanted to believe in selenites there were still two possibilities. One was to believe in extinct selenites

and to look for traces of their works. The other was to take advantage of the fact that the moon has its "unknown hemisphere," the side we never see.

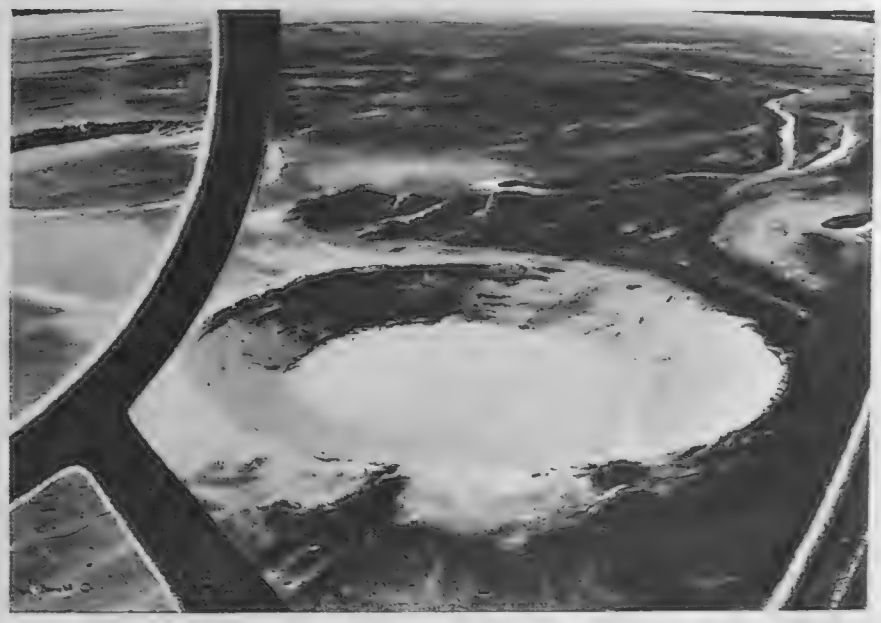
Both were tried.

During the late evening hours of July 12, 1822, a Munich astronomer, Franz von Paula Gruithuisen, examined an area close to the centre of the visible half of the moon. There is a rill in that area, usually called the Hyginus rill because it runs through the crater Hyginus in the southern portion of the *Mare vaporum*. Near the Hyginus rill there is a formation which on German maps is marked *Schneckenberg* (Snail Mountain), because it resembles the upper portion of an enormous snail half-covered by mud or tar. The formation, as a whole, looks strange enough to seem artificial. Gruithuisen did not hesitate to say that it was artificial. He took it to be the ruins of an old fortress that had once guarded a city.

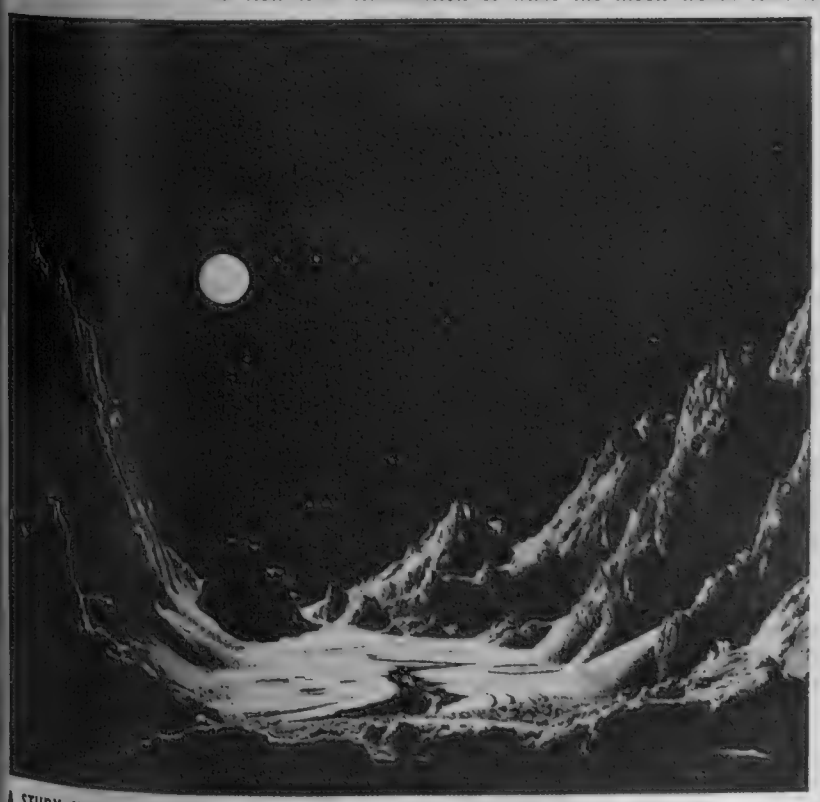
After an interval of breathlessness which followed Gruithuisen's announcement, other observers, especially Gruithuisen's compatriot Madler, tried to discredit the "fortress of the selenites." Gruithuisen had published a drawing of the spot. Madler did, too. Gruithuisen had drawn the ruins of a fortress and a city. Madler drew an irregular pattern of mountain ridges crossing one another. The formations are by no means as regular and "convincing" as Gruithuisen showed them. Nor is the landscape as featureless as Madler drew it. In the telescope it simply fails to make sense. The final word will have to be spoken in the third era of astronomy, when an explorer can stand at the foot of Snail Mountain and look at the formation through the transparency of his air helmet.



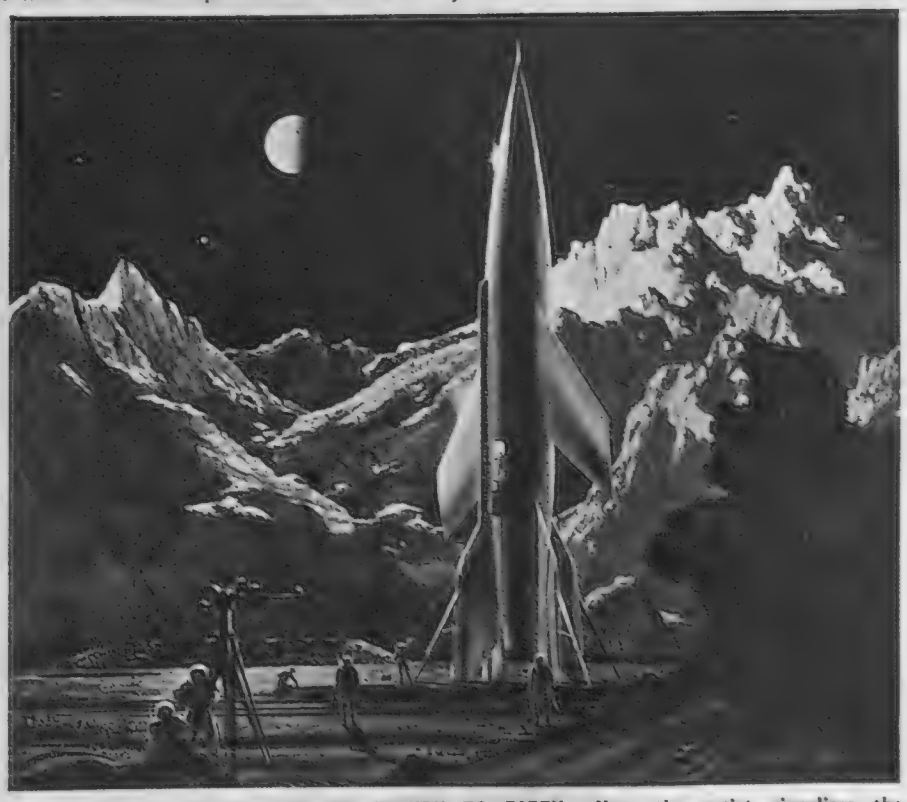
On right—
THE GREAT WALL, ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE TOPOGRAPHICAL FEATURES OF THE MOON : The wall, sometimes called "the Railway," is 60 to 75 miles long and, except for one end, is perfectly straight. It must be a gigantic fault, larger than any known on earth, and it ranges from 500 to 1,500 ft. in height. The double shadows in the foreground are caused by earth light.



AMONG THE CRATERS OF THE MOON : *Left*—A view from the rim of the crater Theophilus into its interior. The central peaks are 8,000 ft. high and the opposite rim 16,000 ft. to 18,000 ft. high and sixty-four miles away. The double shadows are caused by earth light, for in all the areas of the moon which we can see from the earth the earth never sets. *Right*—The crater Aristachus, which is twenty-nine miles in diameter and the brightest spot on the moon, consisting of white pumice. The view is a visualisation of what the moon would look like from a rocket ship at a distance of thirty miles from the ground.



A STUDY IN APPARENT SIZES : In this drawing Mr. Bonestell shows the constellation Orion and the earth over a lunar valley. Orion's belt is 3 deg. wide and the earth in the lunar sky 2 deg. The valley shows signs of thermal erosion.



THE SPACE SHIP POISED FOR THE RETURN TO EARTH : Here the artist visualises the rocket ready for the concluding phase of the great adventure, an adventure which many scientists believe will take place within the present century.

JOHN MILLS IN A PROBLEM PLAY

Tyrone Guthrie's *Top of the Ladder* at the St. James's

BERTIE FORCES THE INCOMPETENT MR. PITT TO RESIGN HIS MANAGING DIRECTORSHIP: John Mills and Miles Malleson in *Top of the Ladder* at the St. James's Theatre, the new play by Tyrone Guthrie which has survived the harsh words of the critics. On the left is Esme Church, who plays the part of Mookie, the old Nannie, who holds a watching brief on the action of the play.

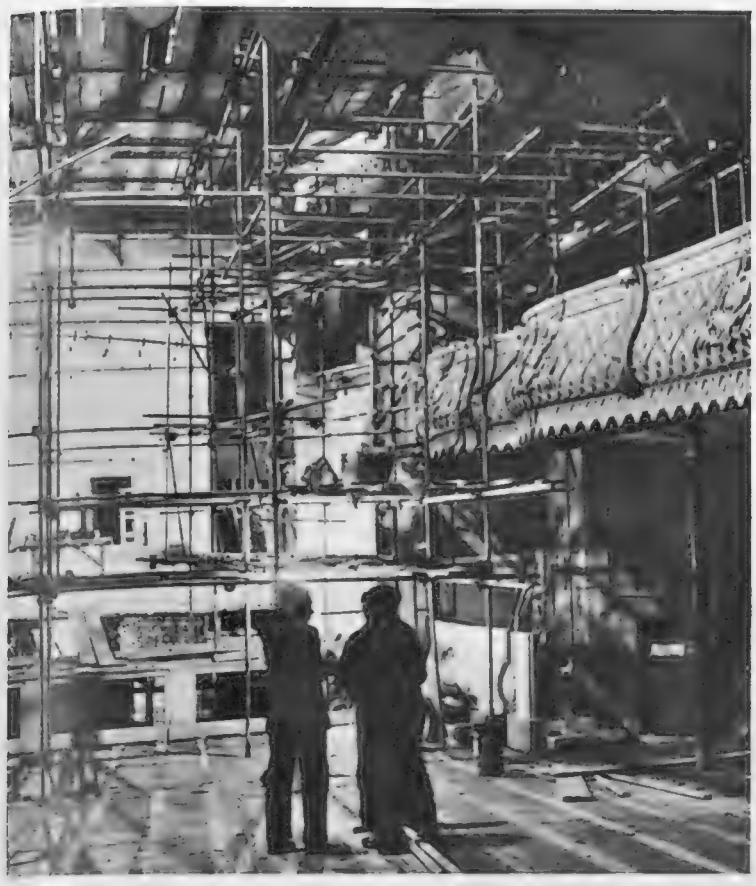
MR. PITT MAKES AN IRRETRIEVABLE BLUNDER: The incompetent Managing Director (played by Miles Malleson) gives the wrong instructions to New York office, taking no notice of the intervention of Katie (Mary Kerridge).

Tyrone Guthrie's *Top of the Ladder*, a Laurence Olivier production at the St. James's, was heralded with advance publicity as a masterpiece but received with coolness by critics. Most of them were careful, however, not to write *Top of the Ladder* off as a total failure, despite the forebodings of the first night; for John Mills, better known as a film-actor than as an accomplished craftsman in the living theatre, achieved something of a *tour de force* as Bertie, the hero. It is an extraordinary part to have to play; Bertie being shown as man and boy at almost the same moments. Just a change in facial expression, and the harsh business-man of to-day becomes the whimpering small boy at his mother's knee. It is Tyrone Guthrie's purpose to show Bertie as the man whose whole life is dominated by an unconscious jealousy of his father. This can apparently be done only by presenting glimpses of his life backwards at the same time as it also goes forwards. The technique is not new, by any means, but the method of presentation has much originality.

BERTIE AND THE MAN WHOSE ADMIRATION IS HIS MAINSTAY: John Mills and Toke Townley in one of the later scenes in *Top of the Ladder*. Townley plays the part of the hero-worshipping valet.

BERTIE AND THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE: *Above* and *below*—Mary Kerridge as Kath, Bertie's secretary, who helps him to build up a world-wide business; Alison Leggatt as his mother, whom he at times resents because of her devotion to his father, and Rachel Kempson as the doting mother of his child. Together they take the final curtain call with the man upon whose life they have had such deep impact.

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR'S PARTY AND THE CHRISTENING PARTY: At one and the same time they take place on the stage of the St. James's Theatre. Bertie is seen addressing his fellow-directors and their wives, who are grouped on the left of the stage. On the right are his wife and mother at the christening of his son. It is to these interwoven scenes that John Mills brings to bear superb acting, making them almost credible.

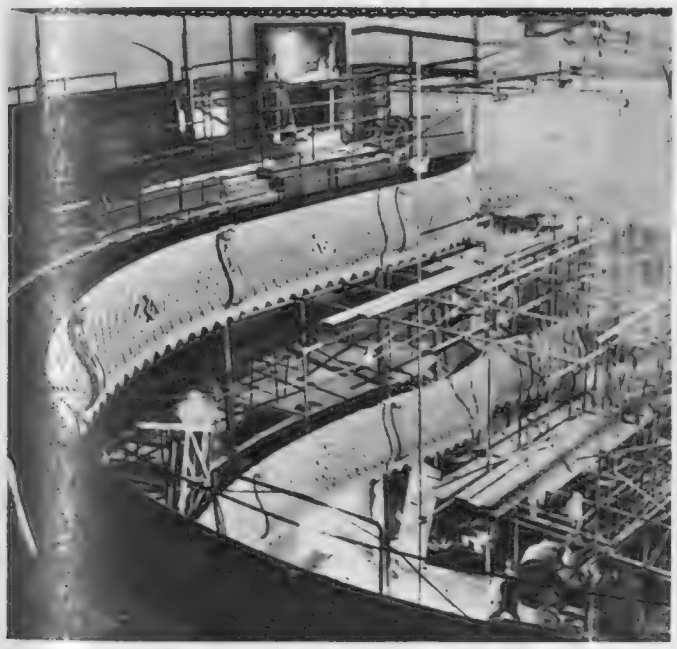


THE NEW AUDITORIUM RAPIDLY TAKES SHAPE AT THE OLD VIC: Throughout 1950 work has been going ahead on the restoration of the famous theatre. On November 14 it will start on the longest season in its history, and one that will coincide with Britain's Festival year.

THE SCAFFOLDING REMOVED FROM THE EXTERIOR OF THE RESTORED THEATRE: The Old Vic now reopens with all trace of bomb damage removed. In the first two months of the season each play produced will be given a run of about two weeks before it takes its turn in the repertory arranged for the Festival of Britain. The play chosen to reopen the theatre is *Twelfth Night*, with Roger Livesey.

THE OLD VIC RESTORED

THE THEATRE OPENS ON NOVEMBER 14 WITH HUGH HUNT'S PRODUCTION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT"



RESTORING THE PAINTWORK OF THE BALCONIES: With the aid of this scaffolding plasterers and painters have been able to put the finishing touches to the auditorium. The theatre was built in 1816-18 by Joseph Glossop, Clerk of the Cheque, a friend of George IV.

IN MEMORY OF EMMA CONS: This plaque in the main entrance of the Old Vic pays tribute to the founder of the repertory theatre.

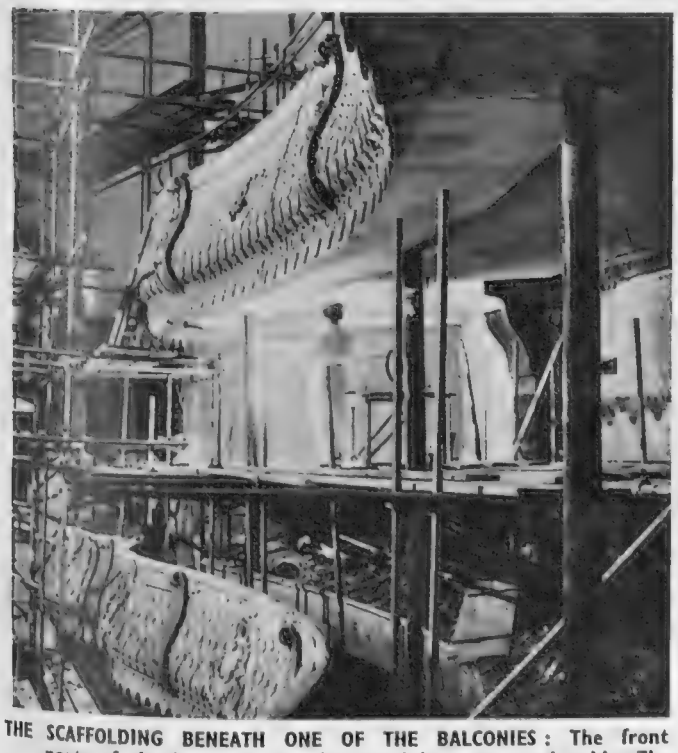
"Some airy devil hovers in the sky and pours down mischief." When veteran Sir Ben Greet, playing King John, uttered these words from the stage of the Old Vic during an air raid in the course of the First World War members of his audience might well have been excused if they suspected him of gagging. During that conflict Sir Ben manfully held the stage in the best Old Vic tradition; but in the Second World War the famed theatre was less fortunate, extensive damage being done to the auditorium in 1941. Now those scars are obliterated, and the Old Vic enters on what may well prove its most glorious season, starting with Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*.

When the Old Vic was first opened in 1818 by a member of the Royal Family, it was called the Royal Coburg as a compliment to the husband of the Princess Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Edmund Kean was among the early actors to appear.

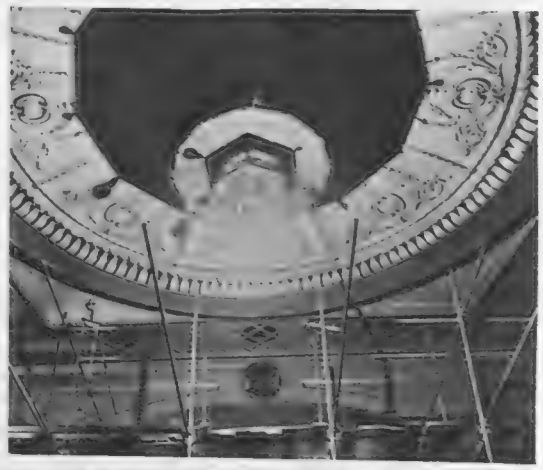
In 1833, after redecoration, the theatre was reopened as the Victoria, this time in tribute to the daughter of the Duke of Kent and heiress to the throne. One of the first celebrities to appear there after the reopening was Paganini, the violinist, but usually the place was given up to "sanguinary melodrama." "The lower orders," Charles Matthews wrote, "rush there in mobs and in shirtsleeves, frantically drink ginger-beer, munch apples, crack nuts, call the actors by their Christian names, and throw them orange-peel by way of bouquets."

Later in the nineteenth century the Old Vic offered a more refined and intellectual entertainment under the management of Miss Emma Cons. Miss Cons died in 1912 at the age of seventy-four, and her niece, Miss Lilian Bayliss, took over the management, carrying it on with no less brilliance, providing Shakespeare and the best dramas at reasonable prices.

Since the war the Old Vic has found a habitation on the left bank of the Thames at the New Theatre, and there have been staged some productions in the highest tradition. To many Londoners, however, the return to Waterloo Road, despite the fact that it is less accessible than the New, is a happy thought. At least during Festival Year the restored Old Vic will be at the very hub of London life.



THE SCAFFOLDING BENEATH ONE OF THE BALCONIES: The front parts of the balconies are decorated in cream and gold. The theatre will be much more comfortable than in pre-war days.



THE CENTREPIECE: The newly-painted central dome and octagonal chandelier within the restored theatre. The last time extensive alterations were made at the Old Vic was in 1924 when, by a gift of £30,000 from Sir George Dance, the theatre was able greatly to increase its accommodation.

AT WORK IN THE STALLS: Plasterers engaged in a decorative treatment along the auditorium walls.

New Lamps and Old

PRINCE ALBERT TO HERBERT MORRISON

Some Thoughts on Great Exhibitions

By JOHN GORE

THE GREAT EXHIBITION AND FESTIVAL.—The announcements now made that the King will "fire the first shot" of the Festival of Britain Campaign in a broadcast following a dedication service at St. Paul's on May 3, put this fixture formally and finally on the map for us all. It is time for us to investigate what it means, what it is, and in what manner it differs from its famous original of 1851. For it is much more than a centenary of a notable historical event. We must do more than investigate its nature; it is up to us all now to swallow it, bait and sinker, and help to make it a success. Up to now, it has divided us. Half the nation has been sceptical or scornful concerning it, exactly as, a century ago, half the nation poured doubt and scorn on the Prince Consort's working party. The idea of the Great Exhibition of 1851 has been usually attributed to the Prince Consort, though there are strong claims for a Mr. Henry Cole, of the Public Record Office, having first caught the infection at the Paris Exposition of 1849. The Queen, of course, always gave the credit to the Prince, and cited the old Frankfurt Fairs as the source of inspiration. Wherever the germ originated, no one doubts that the Prince fostered it, and gave it a name, a notion and an objective. His great idea was the marriage of ugly industry with the beautiful young debutante art, and to bring colour and light and grace into the dingy factories and mean streets of industrialised England, and at the same time to awaken curiosity and pride among the islanders in the resources of the vast Empire which England was beginning to direct and control. He began to work through the Royal Society of Arts, of which body he had long been a very active and even fussy president, and already with Cole's help he had tried out the big idea with an art-trade exhibition on the Society's premises annually from 1847, at which a fair number of industrialists had been induced to exhibit. Of the rows and grouses over the site, the building, the finance, and the certainty of failure, which helped to age the Prince, we need not here recall instances. The great idea evoked the bitterest rage and opposition—enough to kill any project sponsored by a man less obstinate, fearless and determined than Albert. And it succeeded beyond his dreams, and indeed its importance has never wholly died away. The chief "architects" of this event in our social history deserve to be recorded again: the Prince; Cubitt, the building and site designer; Playfair, the chemist; and Cole.

A Double Event and Purpose.—The present Exhibition and Festival open 100 years after, and to that extent are a centenary, a copy, a reminder. But in fact our Festival is even more original than its original. It serves a double purpose, spiritual and material. It is to be a *sursum corda* for the British people, and a boost of Britain in the eyes of the world. A few years ago we "stood alone," half naked, to face the full blast of German aggression, and we enjoyed "our finest hour." And that finest hour, for one cause and another, avoidable or no, faded like a stormy sunset and our stock fell low and lower and is only now rising again. The promoters of the 1951 Exhibition and Festival argue that we are still as great a people as in our finest hours and that the time has come for us to regain our pride and confidence in ourselves and to see what we can do to tell the world that this country still stands firm and can claim leadership in science and art, initiative and invention, taste and constructive ideas, no less than in political thought and democratic ideals. The Festival and the Exhibition are one and indivisible in one sense and distinct in another sense. The show of 1951 is not confined to a small area on the South Bank, which to many of us appears smaller than the Hyde Park site of the Crystal Palace. It takes in the village greens and parish pumps 'twixt Thames and Tweed, from Land's End to John o' Groats, and, if only by the provision of a bus shelter, every village is invited to show to the expected visitors from the rest of the world, some advance towards a higher standard of living and culture, and at the same time to regain and increase its own pride and faith in its parish, its county, its country and its Commonwealth.

A Non-party Effort.—Wars and revolutions have made some of us apathetic and cynical and most of us muddle-minded. Too much restriction and legislation have taken the fine edge off our native initiative and individuality. Some of us are almost too patient under restriction, others have gone to the opposite extreme and thrown discipline to the winds and with it the pledged word. The ideal of a renaissance in national pride is a grand one and its pursuit is timely. But between now and May 3, as it seems to me, there will be need of a great deal of preaching and propaganda by the most carefully chosen leaders, to bring us into that frame of mind which can contain the picture we are invited to paint and hang and live with. It just won't do to leave it to Mr. Morrison or the Government to put us into the right frame of mind. The nation's political colour is about fifty-fifty. As many good men and true are irritated by everything said by Morrison and Bevan and so on as are delighted and in full agreement. If the Festival were the Festival of Socialism, reason would that Morrison and Co. should prepare the soil. But it isn't, and would not succeed if it were so, for not half the expected visitors are Mr. Attlee's fellow travellers, nor is every parish pump in West Sussex painted red. It is high time for Mr. Morrison to co-opt some sound outside men to help to put the nation in the right frame of mind. There is always the gentle, cultured, conciliating voice of Mr. Eden, and that voice and some others of the same tone should be invited without delay to breathe o'er Eden. For the Festival of Britain won't be a 100-per-cent. success, if half the nation is left unconverted and unconsidered.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION SITE, VIEWED FROM THE SCAFFOLDING SURROUNDING THE FESTIVAL CHURCH IN THE WATERLOO ROAD: In the upstream sequence, beyond the railway, is the Dome of Discovery, within which visitors to the Great Exhibition of 1951 will see displayed facets of British achievement in the realm of exploration. On the right, near the old Shot Tower, is the Royal Festival Hall which will be the scene of important concerts throughout the Festival months. On the extreme left is the entrance to Waterloo Station, and in the background on the left rises the great bulk of County Hall with the Victoria Tower and Big Ben rising in the distance on the left bank of the river. In front of the Royal Festival Hall is the Pavilion of Character and Tradition, also the Telecinema. Below the Shot Tower is the Pavilion of Homes and Gardens. The Shot Tower was recently the scene of an accident as a gun was being hauled to the summit.

YORK PREPARES FOR FESTIVAL YEAR: Work in progress on Bootham Bar, on the mediæval walls of York, with the towers of York Minster rising in the background. The floor above the arch of Bootham Bar is to have a reinforced concrete base pinned at the sides into the walls, and the whole exterior is to be grouted, as the bonding material between many of the stones has perished. Restoration of several prominent buildings is included in York's preparations for the Festival of Britain. The Georgian Assembly Rooms, which are to be the Festival Club centre, were occupied until this year by the Ministry of Food. On being handed back it was found that they were unsafe for dancing because the walls supporting the roof and forming a kind of clerestory have bent inwards at the base and cracked one of the columns from which they spring. They are being clamped to the main walls by a box-girder arrangement.

WORKMEN ENGAGED IN COPPERING THE ROOF OF THE FESTIVAL CHURCH—THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN IN WATERLOO ROAD, SOUTH-EAST LONDON—WHICH IS BEING REBUILT IN READINESS FOR THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: The church, which is almost opposite one of the entrances of the South Bank Exhibition, was built soon after the Battle of Waterloo. It was hit by a bomb during 1940, and largely destroyed.

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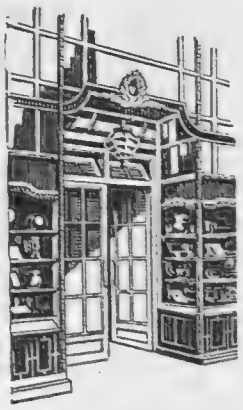

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

TWO NOVELS WITH A MANOR HOUSE BACKGROUND

Elspeth Huxley's "I Don't Mind If I Do," and George Millar's "Through the Unicorn Gates"

THERE is a lady in Elspeth Huxley's new novel, I DON'T MIND IF I DO (Chatto and Windus. 9s. 6d.), who has eight servant girls and marches them all to church every Sunday morning in a long file before her. Such nostalgic glories are the theme of the better part of this extremely uneven book which, at its best, is highly entertaining, and at its worst, confused and sordid. Its two heroines, pretty girls, though hardly of heroic stature, grow up together in the same village and, after leaving it at their respective marriageable ages, find each other there again in their respective fifties. Much has changed in the village during thirty-five years. The local manor house which had belonged to Iris's family is now a co-educational school in which Irma gets a job as games mistress, and the two women meet constantly to compare notes and husbands, of which Irma has up to then had five. Her sixth is on the horizon as the book ends. There is a reason for this interesting collection of male consorts, and the author is at her most felicitous in pointing it out. Irma, as a child, was brought up in a household where animals were not only loved but revered, in which the care of wolfhounds was voted infinitely more important than the care of children, even one's own, and in which horses and hunting were subjects for endless discussion and enjoyment. Irma, quite simply, preferred human beings, a point of view which her parents found inexplicably perverse, and she also preferred domesticity to the hound-ridden discomfort of her home, so to achieve contact with one and practice in the second, Irma married. And re-married, and re-married, never quite achieving one of her ambitions, but hopeful, as we see, to the very last. It 's an amusing if unethical idea, and Elspeth Huxley has some fun with it.

It is interesting to see Mr. George Millar, the author of such books of personal war experience as *Maquis* and *Horned Pigeon*, turning to the English countryside for the subject of a novel, and choosing in that countryside a particularly quiet corner in the south within reasonable motoring distance of Bournemouth and, presumably, of Swanage. THROUGH THE UNICORN GATES (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) describes life as lived in a beautiful manor house after the war, with an ageing owner, no servants but a cantankerous woman-of-all-work, and aggressive and encroaching farmer neighbours. It is, one might truly say, no picnic. Lady Almond loves her house, almost as much as she has loved her first husband and far more than she has loved her second, but she is old and ill with a disease that is within months of killing her. Nevertheless, she accepts the appalling cooking and general inefficiency of her woman, and fights her constant pain in order to remain the mistress of Wayke's Newbourne and to receive the friends whom her severe social code allows her. To this latter rigid rule, however, there is one exception, regretted and resented by all her other friends, the gardeners and the charwoman, and that is a young Scottish corporal considered of promising intelligence by Lady Almond. As the old lady's life and her hold on the manor grow more precarious, friends, relations, village acquaintances and the egregious corporal all gather round to wait for the end. And the end brings them a complete surprise.

CHARLEY (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) is a first novel that has real originality. Mr. D. M. Dowley has written the story of a simple-minded man with a talent for friendship. Charley is really simple ; it takes him longer to understand things that are said to him than it should, and having absorbed a certain amount of information, he has to break off and brood over it until it is sorted out tidily in his mind. But he is much liked in the poor corner of North London in which he lives in 1912, and far from coming to harm through his slow-wittedness, he is constantly befriended and helped on his way. His friends are varied and as colourful as their drab underworld existence will allow them to be. There is Tod, the pickpocket and tipster, who once enquires with real concern whether Charley was ever dropped on his head when he was a baby ; Pullen, the grocer, and Ada, his little daughter who plans to marry Charley when she grows up ; Francesco, who keeps the eating-house where Charley lodges, and is murdered by one of his wife's lovers, and a score at least of other characters so sharply defined and so completely visualised that the reader retains a clear picture, not only of Charley and his essential goodness, but of the vice and squalor and the incongruous compassion that exist side by side.

There is something stimulating in the very difference between this week's three biographical studies. No chance for the mind to lie fallow when it has such variety before it. First of all, Mr. Moray McLaren's centenary study, STEVENSON AND EDINBURGH (Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.), which the author admits to be as much about Edinburgh as it is about Stevenson. This might be understandable in a Scot who loves his capital city as Mr. McLaren evidently does, but there is a more relevant reason for it, in the devotion that R.L.S. had, too, for his native land. Possibly his best novel—and Mr. McLaren has no doubts of it—was *Weir of Hermiston*, and this was written in the months before his death in Samoa, thousands of miles and many years away. "For his greatest and last work he turned for inspiration (and never did his inspiration answer him with greater clarity and strength) to the city of his birth and of his youth."

Next, THE PROSPECTOR (Cresset Press. 21s.), a very handsome book about a far from handsome character. Rudolf Erich Raspe was the author of *Baron Munchausen*, and although his name has been virtually forgotten, the name of his creation lives, more as a myth than as a literary creation. Mr. John Carswell, who has obviously taken infinite trouble to delve into the facts and fictions of Raspe's life, and to separate them as decisively as possible, has probably written the definitive life of the man, always supposing that such a work were necessary. The book is prolix, and Mr. Carswell's addiction to footnotes, many of which would have been incorporated in the text with less distracting effect, seemed to me excessive.

OLD OAK (Longmans. 15s.) is the Life of John Jervis, Earl of St. Vincent, one of the glories of the British Navy, in Sheridan's words. Admiral Sir William James writes of his distinguished predecessor, with sympathy, admiration and practical understanding, and shows him for what he was, a great sailor and a great man to whom Nelson had written, when the Earl was his commander-in-chief, "We look up to you as we have always found you, as to our Father, under whose fostering care we have been led to fame. . . ."

John Jervis was not a complex character, but a man of straightforward impulses, a disciplinarian, but at the same time a man capable of kind impulses and practices. George IV called him "My Old Oak," and he had the strength and the lasting nature of the oak with which his ships were built.

His letters, some of which are quoted in this excellent biography, were sometimes quaintly expressed, but all forceful and leaving no doubt as to their interpretation.

Mrs. Robert Henrey has written about her native Normandy and her almost native London with the tenderness and vivacity that comes from affection and from a real desire to express that affection, and when reading her books I have often thought that the success of her free and friendly style depended a great deal upon an intimate knowledge of her subject. About Shepherd's Market, or about the farm in Normandy she appeared to know all that there was to know, and certainly much more than most people would attempt to discover. But how would it be if and when she attempted to write about a new, an entirely foreign place ?

The answer is in A JOURNEY TO VIENNA (Dent. 16s.), which not only describes that city with a reporter's eye for facts, but also with the freshness of a writer and traveller who is perennially interested and amused and excited by the new. Mrs. Henrey's son, Bobby, was acting in a film in Austria, and it was to accompany him that she made this journey, and stayed for some time in the Tyrol on her way to Vienna. Mrs. Henrey remains an unspoilt observer, and a writer who appreciates the oddities as well as the qualities of the people she meets.

SOME BOOKS FOR THE CHILDREN

FOR THE OLDER CHILDREN.

The Island of the Rabbit. By Sylvia Green, with drawings by George Woodman. (*Falcon Press.* 9s. 6d.)

The Second Bunker Book (for the 8 to 10-year-old). By David Sinclair, illustrated by Bernard Richardson. (*Hutchinson.* 5s.)

Morning Faces. By John Mason Brown, with illustrations by Susanne Saba. (*Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.)

The Secret Pony. By E. F. Stucley, with drawings by Richard Kennedy. (*Faber and Faber.* 8s. 6d.)

The Big House. By Naomi Mitchison. (*Faber and Faber.* 9s. 6d.)

Roly's Dogs. By Kitty Borne, illustrated by Alice Molony. (*J. M. Dent.* 8s. 6d.)

The Twenty-one Balloons. Written and illustrated by William Pène du Bois. (*Robert Hale.* 10s. 6d.)

The Years of Grace : A Book for Girls. Edited by Noel Streatfeild. Illustrated. (*Evans Brothers.* 15s.)

The Boys' Book of Adventure. Edited by Eric Leyland. (*Evans Brothers.* 10s. 6d.)

FOR THE YOUNGER CHILDREN.

Ten Little Foxhounds, and Zoolyricks. Both by G. Gifford Ambler. Illustrated. (*Hutchinson.* Each at 2s. 6d.)

The Tale of the Jolly Robin Family. Written and illustrated by Hecter Wagstaff. (*Faber and Faber.* 3s. 6d.)

The Train That Ran Away. By Elizabeth Gorell, illustrated by Franke Rogers. (*Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.)

A Visit to Grandma. Illustrated by Giammaria Mazzoleni Biffi, adapted by Judith Zimet. (*Hutchinson.* 6s.)

The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe. By C. S. Lewis, illustrated by Pauline Baynes. (*Geoffrey Bles.* 8s. 6d.)

JANE WAS A GEORGIAN

Margaret Kennedy Deals with a Modern Misconception

What does the novelist who wrote *The Constant Nymph*, that best-seller of the middle '20's, think of the author of *Pride and Prejudice*, who so brilliantly held a mirror up to the times in which she lived ? It is an intriguing question, and Margaret Kennedy's JANE AUSTEN (Arthur Barker. 6s.) is therefore an addition to the English Novelists' Series of considerable importance. First and foremost Miss Kennedy dispels the idea that Jane Austen was an early Victorian, an idea born to a large extent through motion-pictures which have shown us Jane Eyre, Catherine Earnshaw and Elizabeth Bennet all in identical crinolines, and to an extent through the drawings of Hugh Thomson. A vagueness about date and period exists among people who should know better, asserts Miss Kennedy, who goes forward to place Jane well and truly among the Georgians, where she belonged and belongs. Miss Kennedy's chapter on the background of the times is the most revealing in the whole book. She shows us the gentle Jane Austen, who for all her gentleness attacked the privileged classes, the author with a gift for comedy and a penchant for satire, the expert miniaturist of character whose quiet fame will live while the English novel lasts. Jane has often been described as a lady equally at home in the parsonage and the manor house, but Miss Kennedy urges to the contrary. Jane Austen showed us the great house through the eyes of the small one, landed gentry through the eyes of the poor relation, the maiden aunt. But even if she wrote from that viewpoint, which she understood so well, she never seemed to quite belong to it. She was always a little aloof, and, in fact, we know too little about her.

The Old Vic, since that breath-taking production of *Peer Gynt*, has had some truly memorable seasons following the war, and none more so than the season of 1949-50, with *Love's Labour 's Lost, She Stoops to Conquer, A Month in the Country*, and *Hamlet* providing fare of the highest quality. THE OLD VIC, 1949-50 (Evans Brothers. 7s. 6d.) is a faithful record of those performances, written by Lionel Hale and Philip Hope-Wallace. Of most interest is the chapter on *Love's Labour 's Lost*, that "lovely April comedy," at one time thought to be unactable as a play and, at any rate, written off by most producers as an agreeable masquerade which might be gabbled through if the text were submerged in ballet movements or fantasticated fun. With George Benson, Mark Dignam and Miles Malleson in the cast there was fun in plenty, while Michael Redgrave, Angela Baddeley and Diana Churchill brought out the poetry of this old romance at the Court of Navarre. The *Hamlet*, with which the season concluded, did not perhaps touch the heights of greatness, but, as Lionel Hale says, it held the mind and the heart. This is a volume which theatre-lovers will treasure, giving a sense of permanence to the actor's art, and it will have the quality of becoming increasingly treasured with the years.

Crichton Porteous writes on DERBYSHIRE (Robert Hale. 15s.) and Frank O'Connor on LEINSTER, MUNSTER AND CONNAUGHT (Robert Hale. 15s.), in the latest additions to the County Books. Mr. Porteous is not a Derbyshire man, but he has been closely associated with the county for more than a quarter of a century, and it is there, he says, "that I seem to get closer into touch with life than anywhere else." Frank O'Connor, on the other hand, belongs to Southern Ireland, but he manages to observe his favourite counties with a dispassionate and often sardonic eye. He touches upon every aspect of Irish life ; its architecture, its scenery, and its people, its stormy history, its great legends, combining all into a complete and living picture.

Another travel series is Window on the World. R. M. Lockley is the author of THE CHARM OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS, and Eric Whelpton of BY ITALIAN SHORES. Both are published by Evans Brothers at 9s. 6d. Mr. Whelpton's book follows the coast from Genoa to Naples. Rapallo, Santa Margherita, the Gulf of Spezia, the Pontine Marshes and the Cities of Etruria lie along the route.

During the war the so-called Baedeker raids laid low many of our finest monuments, but the house of Karl Baedeker, of Hamburg, has apparently survived hostilities. Their latest publication is MUNICH AND ITS ENVIRONS (George Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.). Owing to the severe bomb damage, changes in Munich have been immense, while the steadily-pursued labour of reconstruction is also beginning to have its effect ; the great city is once again beginning to pulse with life. These changes are faithfully recorded and, in the Baedeker tradition, this little guide enters the category of indispensables.

Some Notable Reprints : THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, by Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), with an introduction by T. S. Eliot, and ON THE EVE, by Ivan Turgenev, translated from the Russian by Moura Budberg. Both are published by the Cresset Press at 9s. 6d. THE THREE MUSKETEERS, by Alexandre Dumas, is No. 15 of the Macdonald Classics (Macdonald and Co. 19s. 6d.). THE BOOK OF THE THOUSAND NIGHTS, by Sir Richard Burton, is published in a popular unexpurgated edition by Arthur Barker Ltd. The price is 18s.

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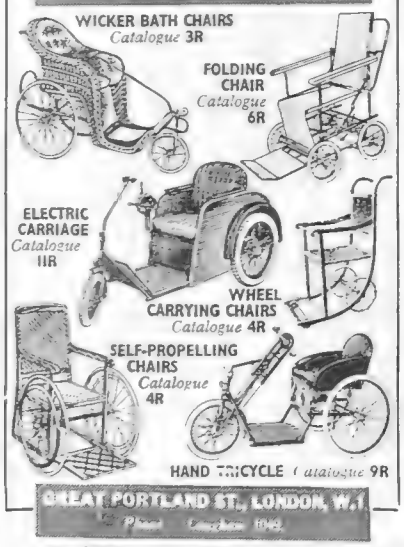

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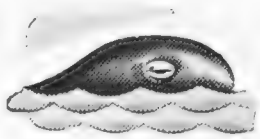

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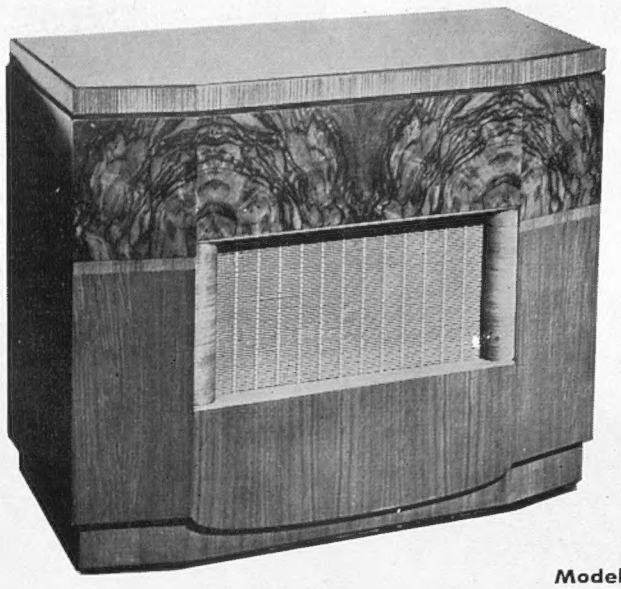

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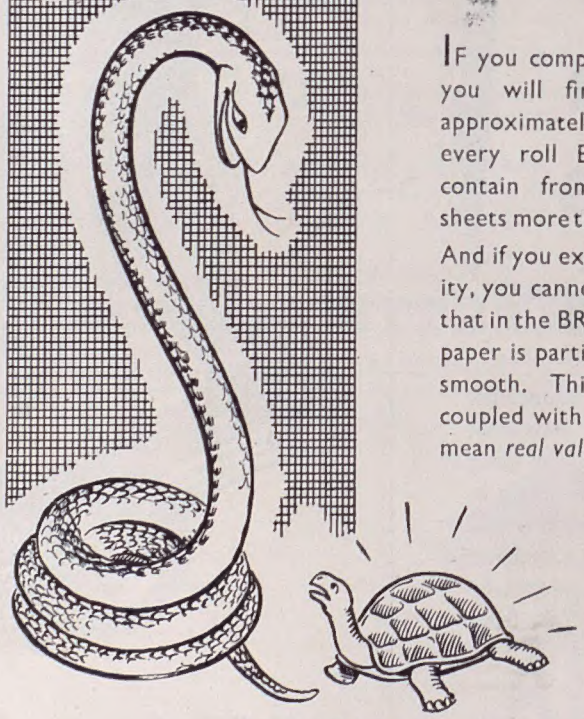

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